

THE MAID

OF

HONOUR.

AS

IT HATH BEENE
OFTEN PRESENTED

with good allowance at the *Phoenix*

in DRURY-LANE, by the

Queenes Majesties

SERVANTS.

Written by PHILIP MASSINGER.



LONDON,

Printed by I. B. for Robert Allot, and are to be
sold at his Shop at the signe of the blacke Beare in
Pauls Church-yard, 1633.

The Actors names

<i>Roberto,</i>	King of <i>Sicilie.</i>	
<i>Ferdinand,</i>	Duke of <i>Vrbini.</i>	(<i>Malta.</i>
<i>Bertoldo,</i>	The Kings naturall brother, a knight of	
<i>Gonzaga,</i>	A knight of <i>Malta</i> General to the Duchesse	
<i>Astasio,</i>	A counsellor of state	(of <i>Siena.</i>
<i>Fulgentio,</i>	The mignon of <i>Roberto.</i>	
<i>Adorni,</i>	A follower of <i>Camioles</i> father.	
<i>Embassador,</i>	From the Duke of <i>Vrbini.</i>	
<i>Signior Sylli,</i>	A foolish selfe-lover.	
<i>Antonio,</i> }		
<i>Gasparo,</i> }	Two rich heyres, Citty-bred.	
<i>Pierio,</i>	A Colonel to <i>Gonzaga.</i>	
<i>Roderigo,</i> }		
<i>Iacomo,</i> }	Captaines to <i>Gonzaga.</i>	
<i>Drusa,</i> }		
<i>Livio,</i> }	Captaines to Duke <i>Ferdinand.</i>	
<i>Paula,</i>	A priest, <i>Camioles</i> confessor.	
<i>Scots,</i>		
<i>Souldiers,</i>		
<i>Servants,</i>		
<i>Taylor,</i>	<i>Atrelia,</i> Duchesse of <i>Siena.</i>	
<i>Dwarfe,</i>	<i>Camiole.</i> The Maid of Honour.	
<i>Mutes,</i>	<i>Clarinda,</i> Her woman.	

TO
MY WORTHY FRIEND

THE AVTHOR VPON
HIS TRAGÆ-COMÆDY,
THE MAID OF HONOUR.

*As not thy Emperor enough before
For thee to give, that thou dost give us more?
I would be just, but cannot: that I know
I did not slander, this I feare I doe,
But pardon mee, if I offend: Thy fire
Let equall Poets praise, while I admire.
If any say that I enough have writ,
They are thy foes, and envy at thy wit,
Believe not them, nor mee, then know thy lines
Deserve applause, but speak against their injuries
I, out of justice, would not touch thy Praise
But (friend forgive me) tis above my power
One word, and I have done (and from my heart
Would I could speak the whole truth, not the part)
Because tis thine: it henceforth will be said,
Not the Maid of Honour, but the Honour'd Maid,*

ASTON COKAYNE.

To my most honour'd friends, Sir **FRANCIS**
FOULIAME, Knight, and Baronet, and to Sir
THOMAS BLAND Knight.



That you have beene, and continued so
for many yeeres (since you vouchsafed
to owne me) Patrons to me and my de-
spised studies, I cannot but with all
humble thankfulness acknowledge:
And living, as you have done, inseparable in your
friendship (notwithstanding all differences, and
suites in Law arising betweene you) I held it as im-
pertinent, as absurd, in the presentment of my service
in this kinde, to divide you. A free confession of a
debt in a meaner man, is the amplest satisfaction to
his superiours, and I heartily wish, that the world
may take notice, and from my selfe, that I had not to
this time subsisted, but that I was supported by your
frequent courtesies, and favours, when your more
serious occasions will give you leave, you may please
to peruse this my humble petition, and find something
in it that may appeare worthy of your protection.
Receive it I beseech you, as a testimony of his duty,
who, while he he lives, resolves to be

Truly and sincerely devoted,

to your service,

Philip Massinger.



THE
MAIDE OF
HONOUR.

A Tragæ-Comedy. .

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

Astutio. Adorni.

ADORNI.



Good day to your Lordship:

Astutio. Thanks *Adorni.* [bassador

Ador. May I presume to aske if the Em-
ploy'd by *Ferdinand*, the Duke of Ur-
Hath audience this morning? [bin

Enter Fulgent.

Ast. 'Tis uncertaine,

For though a counsaylor of state, I am not
Of the Cabinet counsaile. But ther's one if he please
That may resolve you.

B.

Ad.

The Maid of Honour.

Ador. I will move him Sr.

Fulgen. If you have a suite, new water, I am blinde else.

Ador. A suite, yet of a nature, not to prove
The quarrie that you hawke for: If your words
Are not like Indian wares, and every scruple
To be waigh'd and rated, one poore sillable
Vouchsaf'd in answer of a faire demand,
Cannot deserve a fee.

Fulgen. It seemes you are ignorant,
I neither speake, nor hold my peace for nothing;
And yet for once, I care not if I answer
One single question, *gratis*.

Ador. I much thanke you.
Hath the Embassador audience, Sir to day?

Fulgen. Yes.

Ador. At what houre?

Fulgen. I promis'd not so much.
A sillable you begg'd, my Charity gaue it.
Move me no further.

Exit Fulgentie,

Astn. This you wonder at?
With me 'tis usuall.

Ador. Pray you Sr. what is he?

Astn. A Gentlemaan, yet no lord. He hath some drops
Of the Kings blood running in his veines, deriu'd
Some ten degrees off. His revenue lyes
In a narrow compasse, the Kings care, and yeelds him
Every houre a fruitfull harvest. Men may talke
Of three croppes in a yeare in the fortunate Islands.
Or profit made by wooll. But while there are sutors,
His sheepe sheering, nay shaving to the quicke
Is in every quarter of the Moone, and constant,
In the time of trussing a point, he can undoe
Or make a man. His play or recreation
Is to raise him up, or pull downe that, and though
He neve yet tooke or ders, makes more Bishops.

The Maid of Honor.

In Sicilie, then the Pope himselfe.

Enter Bertoldo, Gaffaro, Anthonio, & servants.

Ador. Most strange!

Asin. The presence fills. He in the Malta habit
Is the naturall brother of the King, a byblow.

Ador. I understand you.

Aasp. Morrow to my Vncle.

Antho. And my late Guardian. But at length I have
The reignes in my owne hands.

Asin. Pray you use 'em well,
Or you'll too late repent it.

Ber. With this Iewell
Presented to *Camisola*, prepare
This night a visit for me. I shall have

Exit servants.

Your company Gallants I perceive, if that
The King will heare of war.

Antho. Sr. I have horses
Of the best breed in Naples, fitter far
To breake a ranke, then cracke a lance, and are
In their carere of such incredible swiftnes
They out-strip swallows.

Ber. And such may be usefull
To run away with, should we be defeated.
You are well provided Signior

Antho. Sr. excuse me.

All of their race by instinct know a Coward,
And scorne the burthen. They come on like lightning,
Founder'd in a retreat.

Ber. By no meanes backe 'em;
Vnlesse you know your courage sympathize
With the daring of your horse.

Antho. My lord, this is bitter.

Gaff. I will raise me a company of foote,
And when at push of pike I am to enter
A breach, to shew my valour, I have bought mee

The Maid of Honour.

An armor cannon prooffe

Ber. You will not leape then
Ore an out-worke in your shirt?

Gasp. I do not like
Activity that way.

Ber. You had rather stand
A marke to try their muskets on?

Gasp. If I doe
No good, I'll doe no hurt.

Ber. 'Tis in you Signior
A Christian resolution, and becomes you;
But I will not discourage you.

Antbo. You are Sr.
A knight of Malta, and as I have heard,
Have serv'd against the Turke.

Ber. 'Tis true.

Antbo. Pray you shew vs
The difference betweene the city valour,
And service in the field.

Ber. 'Tis somewhat more
Then roaring in a taverne, or a brothell,
Or to steale a Constable from a sleeping watch;
Then burne their halberds; or safe guarded by
Your tenants sonnes, to carry away a Maypole
From a neighbour village; you will not finde there
Your Masters of Dependencies to take up
A drunken brawle, or to get you the names
Of valiant Cheivaleirs, fellowes that will bee
For a cloake with thrice died veluet, and a cast suite
Kick'd down the stairs. A knave with halfe a britch there,
And no shirt (being a thing superfluous,
And worne out of his memorie) if you beate not
Yout selves both in, and upright with a provant sword
Will slash your skarlets, and your plush a new way;
Or with the hilts thunder about your eares
Such musicke as will make your worships dance

The Maid of Honour.

To the dolefull tune of *Lachryma*,

Gasp. I must tell you,
In priuate, as you are my princely friend,
I doe not like such Fidlers.

Bertol. No? they are usefull
For your imitation; I remember you
When you came first to the Court, and talkt of nothing
But you rents, and your entradas; ever chiming
The golden bells in your pockets, you belieu'd
The taking of the wall, as a tribute due to
Your gaudy clothes; and could not walke at mid-night
Without a causelesse quarrell, as if men
Of courser outsidcs were in duty bound
To suffer your affronts: but when you had beene
Cudgell'd well, twice or thrice, and from the doctrine
Made profitabe uses, you concluded
The soveraigne meanes to teach irregular heyres
Civility, with conformity of manners,
VVere two or three sound beatings.

Antho. I confesse
They did much good upon mee. (sound.)

Gasp. And on mee—the principles that they read were

Bertol. You'll finde
The like instructions in the Campe.

Asu. The King.

A Florish.

Enter Roberto. Fulgentio. Embassador. Attendants.

Roberto. VVee sit prepar'd to heare.

Embaf. Your Majesty
Hath beene long since familiar, I doubt not,
VVith the desperate fortunes of my Lord, and pittie
Of the much that your confederate hath suffer'd
(You being his last refuge) may perswade you
Not alone to compassionate, but to lend

The Maid of Honour.

Your royall aydes to stay him in his fall
To certaine ruine. Hee too late is conscious,
That his ambition to incroach upon
His neighbours territories, with the danger of
His liberty, nay his life, hath brought in question
His owne inheritance : but youth and heat
Of blood, in your interpretation, may
Both plead, and mediate for him. I must grant it
An error in him, being deni'd the favours
Of the faire Princeesse of *Siena* (though
He sought her in a noble way) t'endeavour
To force affection, by surprisall of
Her principall seat *Siena*.

Reber. VVhich now proves
The seat of his captivity, not triumph.
Heaven is still just.

Embas. And yet that justice is
To be with mercy temper'd, which heau'ns Deputies
Stand bound to minister. The injur'd Duchesse
By reason taught, as nature, could not with
The reparation of her wrongs, but aims at
A brave revenge, and my Lord feels too late
That innocence will finde friends. The great *Gonzaga*,
The honor of his Order, I must praise
Vertue, though in an enemy. Hee whose fights
And conquests hold one number, rallying up
Her scatter'd troopes, before wee could get time
To visuall, or to man the conquer'd City,
Sate downe before it, and presuming that
'Tis not to be releev'd, admits no parley,
Our flags of truce hung out in vaine, nor will hee
Lend an eare to composition, but exacts
With the rendring up the towne, the goods, and lives
Of all within the walls, and of all Sexes
To be at his discretion.

Roberto. Since injustice

The Maid of Honour.

In your Duke, meets this correction, can you presse us
With any seeming argument of reason,
In foolish pitty to decline his dangers,
To draw 'em on our selfe? Shall we not be,
Warn'd by his harmes? The league proclaim'd between us,
Bound neither of us farther then to ayde
Each other, if by forraigne force invaded,
And so farre in my honour I was tied.
But since without our counsell, or allowance,
He hath tooke armes, with his good leave, he must
Excuse us, if wee steere not on a rocke
We see, and may avoyd. Let other Monarchs
Contend to be made glorious by proud warre,
And with the blood of their poore subjects purchase
Increase of Empire, and augment their cares
In keeping that which was by wrongs extorted;
Guilting unjust invasions with the trimme
Of glorious conquests; wee that would be knowne
The father of our people in our study,
And vigilance for their safety, must not change
Their plough-shares into swords, or force them from
The secure shade of their owne vines to be
Scorch'd with the flames of warre, or for our sport
Expose their liues to ruine.

Embas. Will you then
In his extremity forsake your friend?

Roberto. No, but preserve our selfe;

Bertol. Cannot the beames
Of honour thaw your icie feares?

Roberto. VVho's that?

Bertol. A kinde of brother, Sir, how e'er your subject,
Your father's Sonne, and one who blushes that
You are not heire to his brave spirit, and vigour,
As to his Kingdome.

Roberto. How's this?

Bertol. Sir, to be

His

The Maid of Honour.

His living Chronicle, and to speake his praise
Cannot deserve your anger.

Rober. V Where's your warrant
For this presumption?

Bertol. Here, Sir, in my heart.
Let Sycophants, that feed upon your favours,
Stile coldnesse in you caution, and preferre
Your ease before your honour; and conclude
To eat and sleepe supinely, is the end
Of humane blessings: I must tell you Sir,
Vertue, if not in action, is a vice,
And when wee move not forward, we goe backward;
Nor is this peace (the nurse of drones, and cowards)
Our health, but a disease.

Gasp. V Vel urg'd my Lord.

Ansbo. Perfit what is so well begunne.

Embaf. And binde,
My Lord, your servant:

Rober. Hare-braind foole! what reason
Canst thou inferre to make this good?

Bertol. A thousand
Not to be contradicted. But consider
V Where your command lies? 'Tis not, Sir, in *France*,
Spaine, *Germany*, *Portugall*, but in *Sicilie*,
An Island, Sir. Here are no mines of gold,
Or silver to enrich you, no worme spinnes
Silke in her wombe to make distinction
Betweene you, and a Peasant, in your habits.
No fish lines neere our shores, who's blood can dy
Scarlet, or purple; all that wee possesse
V With beasts, wee have in common: Nature did
Design us to be warriours, and to breake through
Our ring the sea, by which we are environ'd;
And we by force must fetch in what is wanting,
Or precious to us. Adde to this, wee are
A populous nation, and increase so fast,

That

The Maid of Honour.

That if we by our providence, are not sent
Abroad in colonies, or fall by the sword,
Not *Sicily* (though now, it were more fruitfull,
Then when 'twas stil'd the granary of great *Rome*)
Can yeeld our namerous friebread, we must starve,
Or eat vp one another.

Adorn. The King heares
With much attention.

Astus. And seemes mou'd with what
Bertoldo hath deliver'd.

Bertol. May you live long, Sir,
The King of peace, so you deny not us
The glory of the warre ; let not our nerves
Shrincke up with sloth, nor for want of imployment
Make younger brothers theves ; 'tis their swordes, Sir,
Must sow and reape their harvest ; if examples
May move you more then arguments, looke on *England*,
The Empresse of the European Isles,
And unto whom alone ours yeelds precedence,
When did she flourish so, as when she was
The Mistresse of the Ocean. Her navies
Putting a girdle round about the world,
When the *Iberian* quak'd, her worthies nam'd ;
And the faire flowre *Deluce* grew pale, set by
The red Rose and the white : let not our armour
Hung up, or our unrig'd *Armada* make us
Ridiculous to the late poore snakes our neighbours
Vvarm'd in our bosomes, and to whom againe
VVe may be terrible : while wee spend our houres
Without variety, confinde to drinke,
Dice, Cards, or whores. Rowze us, Sir, from the sleepe
Of idlenesse, and redeeme our morgag'd honours.
Your birth, and justly, claimes my fathers Kingdome ;
But his Heroique minde descends to mee,
I will confirme so much.

Adorn. In his lookes he seemes

The Maid of Honour.

To breake ope *Ianus* Temple.

Assur. How these younglings
Take fire from him! *Ador.* It works an alteration
Vpon the King.

Antbo. I can forbear no longer:
Warre, warre, my Soveraigne.

Fulg. The King appeares
Resolv'd, and does prepare to speake.

Robert. Thinke not
Our counsel's built upon so weake a base,
As to be overturn'd, or shaken with
Tempestuous windes of words. As I, my Lord,
Before resolv'd you, I will not ingage
My person in this quarrell; neyther presse
My Subjects to maintaine it: yet to shew
My rule is gentle, and that I have feeling
Of your Masters sufferings, since these Gallants weary
Of the happinesse of peace, desire to taste
The bitter sweets of warre, wee doe consent
That as Adventures, and Voluntiers
(No way compell'd by us) they may make tryall
Of their boasted valours.

Bertol. Wee desire no more.

Robert. 'Tis well, and but my grant in this, expect not
Assistance from mee. Gouverne as you please
The Province you make choice of, for I vow
By all things sacred, if that thou miscarry
In this rash undertaking, I will heare it
No otherwise then as a sad disaster,
False on a stranger: nor will I esteeme
That man my Subject, who in thy extremes
In purse or person ayds thee. Take your fortune:
You know mee, I haue said it. So my Lord
You have my absolute answer.

Embaf. My Prince payes
In me his duty.

The Maid of Honour.

Robert. Follow me, *Fulgentio*,
And you, *Astutio*.

Exeunt Roberto,
Fulgentio, Astutio
attendants.

Gasp. VVhat a frowne he threw
At his departure, on you.

Bertol. Let him keepe
His smiles for his state Catamite, I care not.

Anso. Shall wee aboard to night?

Embas. Your speed, my Lord,
Doubles the benefit.

Bertol. I have a businesse
Requires dispatch, some two houres hence I'll meet you. *(Exeunt.)*

ACT. I. SCENE. II.

Signior Sylli. walking fantastically before, followed by
Camiola and *Clarinda*:

Camiola. Nay *Signior*, this is too much ceremony
In my owne house.

Sylli. VVhat's gracious abroad, must be in private practis'd.

Clar. For your mirth-sake
Let him alone, he has beene all this morning
In practice with a perugd Gentleman vther,
To teach him his true amble and his postures,
VVhen he walkes before a Lady

Sylli wal-
king by,
and pra-
ctising his
postures.

Syll. You may, Madame,
Perhaps, beleeve that I in this use art,
To make you dote upon mee by exposing
My more then most rare features to your view.
But I as I have ever done, deale simply,
A marke of sweet simplicity ever noted
I'the family of the *Syllies*. Therefore Lady,
Looke not with too much contemplation on mee,
If you doe, you are i'the suds.

Camil. You are no Barber?

Sylli. Fie no, not I, but my good parts have drawne
More loving hearts out of faire Ladies bellies,

The Maid of Honour.

Then the whole trade haue done teeth.

Cam. Is't possible?

Sylli. Yes, and they live too, marry much condoling
The scorne of their *Narcissus*, as they call mee,
Because I love my selfe.

Cam. Without a rivall;
What philtres or love-powders doe you use
To force affection? I see nothing in
Your person, but I dare looke on, yet keepe
My owne poore heart still.

Sylli. You are warn'd, be arm'd,
And doe not lose the hope of such a husband
In being too soone enamour'd.

Clar. Hold in your head,
Or you must haue a martingale.

Sylli. I have sworne
Neuer to take a wife, but such a one
(O may your Ladiship prove so strong) as can
Hold out a moneth against mee.

Cam. Never feare it,
Though your best taking part, your wealth were trebl'd.
I would not wooe you. But since in your pittie
You please to give me caution, tell me what
Temptations I must flye from?

Sylli. The first is
That you never heare mee sing, for I am a *Syri*.
If you observe, when I warble, the dogs howle
As ravish'd with my Ditties, and you will
runne mad to heare mee.

Cam. I will stop my cares,
And keepe my little wits.

Sylli. Next when I dance
And come aloft thus, cast not a sheepes eye
Vpon the quivering of my calfe.

Cam. Proceed, Sir,

Sylli. But on no termes, for 'tis a maine point, dreame not
Of

The Maid of Honour.

Of the strength of my back, though it will beare a burthen
With any porter.

Cam. I meane not to ride you,

Cam. Nor I your little Ladiship, 'till you have
Perform'd the Covenants. | Be not taken with
My prettie spider fingers, nor my eyes,
That mynckle on both sides.

Cam. Was there ever such *One knocks.*
A piece of motlie heard of! who's that? you may spare
The Catalogue of my dangers. *Exit Clarinda.*

Syl. No good Madam,
I have not told you halfe.

Cam. Enough good Signior,
If I eate more of such sweete meats, I shall surfer.
Who is't? *Enter Clarinda.*

Clar. The brother of the King.

Syl. Nay start not,
The brother of the King! is he no more?
Were it the King himselfe, I'll give him leave
To speake his mind to you, for I am not jealous,
And to assure your Ladyship of so much,
I'll usher him in, and that done, hide my selfe. *Exit Syl.*

Cam. *Camila* if ever, now be constant
This is indeed a sutor, whose sweet presence,
Courtship and loving language would have stagger'd
The chaste *Penelope*. And to increase
The wonder, did not modestie forbid it
I should aske that from him, he sues to me for;
And yet my reason like a tyran; tells me
I must nor give, nor take it.

Syl. I must tell you *Enter Sylli, and Bertoldo.*
You loote your labour. 'Tis enough to prove it,
Signior Sylli came before you, and you know
First come first seru'd yet you shall have my countenance
To parley with her and I'll take speciall care
That none shal interrupt you

The Maid of Honor.

Ber. You are courteous.

Syl. Come wench wilt thou heare wisdom?

Cear. Yes from you Sr.

Steps aside

Ber. If forcing this sweet favour from your lips
Faile Madam, argue me of too much boldnesse
When you are pleas'd to understand, I take
A parting kisse, if not excuse, at least
'Twill qualifie the offence.

kisseth ber.

Cami. A parting kisse Sr.?

What Nation envious of the happinesse
Which Sicilie enjoyes in your sweet presence,
Can buy you from her? or what Climate yeeld
Pleasures transcending those which you enjoy here,
Being both belou'd and honor'd. The North-star
And guider of all hearts, and to summe up
Your full accompt of happinesse, in a word,
The brother of the King.

Ber. Doe you alone,
And with an unexampl'd cruelty,
Inforce my absence, and deprive me of
Those blessings, which you with a polish'd phrase
Seeme to insinuate, that I doe possesse,
And yet tax me as being guilty of
My wilfull exile? what are Titles to me?
Or popular suffrage? or my neerenesse to
The King in blood? or fruitfull Sicilie,
Though it confels'd no Sovereigne but my selfe,
When you that are the essence of my being,
The anchor of my hopes; the reall substance
Of my felicity, in your disdain
Turne all to fading and deceiving shaddowes?

Cami. You tax me without cause.

Ber. You must confesse it.

But answer love with love, and seale the contract
In the vnitng of our soules, how gladly
(though now I were in action, and assur'd,

The Maid of Honour.

Following my fortune; that prum'd victory
Would make her glorious stand upon my tent)
Would I put off my armour, in my heate
Of conquest, and like *Antonie* pursue
My *Cleopatra*! will you yet looke on me
With an eye of Favour?

Cam. Truth beare witnesse for me,
That in the Iudgement of my Soule, you are
A man so absolute, and circular
In all those wish'd-for rarities, that may take
A Virgin captive, that though at this instant
All sceptr'd Monarches of our Western world
Were rivalls with you, and *Camila* worthy
Of such a competition, you alone
Should weare the ghirlond.

Ber. If so, what diverts

Your Favour from me? *Cam.* No mulct in your selfe,
Or in your person, mind or fortune.

Ber. What then?

Cam. The Conscioufnesse of mine owne wants. Alas Sr.
We are not parallels, but like lines divided
Can nere meete in one Centre, your Birth Sir
(Without addition) were an ample Dowrie
For one of fairer Fortunes, and this shape,
Were you ignoble, far above all value;
To this, so cleare a mind, so furnish'd with
Harmonious faculties, moulded from heaven,
That though you were *Thersites* in your features
Of no descent, and *Irus* in your fortunes,
Ulysses like you would force all eyes, and eares
To love, but seene, and when heard, wonder at
Your matchlesse story. But all these bound up
Together in one Volume, give me leave
With admiration to looke upon 'em,

But not presume in my owne flattering hopes,
I may or can injoy 'em. *Ber.* How you ruine
What you would seeme to build up. | I know no
Disparitie betweene vs, you are an heyre

Sprung

The Maid of Honour.

Sprung from a noble familie, faire, rich, young,
And every way my equall. *Cam.* Sir excuse me,
One aerie with proportion, nere discloses
The eagle and the wren, tissue, and freese
In the same garment monstrous: But suppose
That what's in you excessive, were diminish'd,
And my desert supply'd, the strongest bar,
Religion stops our Entrance, you are Sir
A Knight of Malta, by your order bound
To a single life, you cannot marrie me,
And I assure my selfe you are too noble
To seek me (though my frailtie should consent)
In a base path. *Ber.* A dispensation Lady
Will easely absolve me. *Cam.* O take heed Sr.
When, what is vow'd to heaven, is dispens'd with;
To serve our ends on earth, a curse must follow,
And not a blessing. *Ber.* Is there no hope left me?

Cam. Nor to my selfe, but is a neighbour to
Impossibility: true love should walke
On equall feete, in vs it does not Sir.
But rest assur'd, excepting this, I shall be
Devoted to your service. *Ber.* And this is your
Determinate sentence? *Cam.* Not to be revok'd.

Ber. Farewell then fairest cruell. All thoughts in me
Of Women perish. Let the glorious light
Of noble war extinguish loves dimme taper
That onely lends me light to see my follie;
Honor, be thou my everliving Mistrresse,
And fond affection as thy bond-slave serve thee. *Exit Ber.*

Cam. How soone my Sun is set: He being absent,
Never to rise againe! what a fierce battaile
Is fought betweene my passions! me thinks
We should haue kiss'd at parting. *Syl.* I perceive;
He has his answer, now must I step in
To comfort her, you have found, I hope, sweet Lady,
Some difference betweene a youth of my pitch,

And

The Maid of Honour.

And this bug-bear *Bertoldo*, men are men,
The Kings brother is no more : good parts will doe it,
When Titles faile, despaire not, I may be
In time intreated.

Cam. Be so now to leave mee,
Lights for my chamber, O my heart !

*Exeunt Cami-
ola, & Clarinda.*

Silli. She now
I know is going to bed to ruminare
Which way to glut her selfe upon my person,
But for my oath-sake I will keepe her hungry,
And to grow full my selfe, I'll straight to supper. *Exit.*

The end of the first Act.

ACT. II. SCENE. I.

Roberto, Fulgentio, Astutio.

Roberto. Embarqu'd to night doe you say ?

Fulgentio. I saw him aboard, Sir,

Roberto. And without taking of his leave ?

Astutio. 'Twas strange !

Roberto. Are we growne so contemptible ?

Fulgentio. 'Tis far from me Sir, to adde fuell to your anger,

That in your ill opinion of him, burnes

Too hot already, else I should affirme

It was a grosse neglect.

Roberto. A wilfull scorne

Of duty and alleageance; you giue it

Too faire a name. But we shall think on't : can you

Guesse what the numbers were that follow'd him

In his desperate action ?

Roberto. More then you thinke, Sir.

D

All

The Maid of Honour.

All ill affected spirits in Palermo,
Or to your government, or person, with
The turbulent sword-men, such whose poverty forc'd 'em
To wish a change, are gone along with him;
Creatures devoted to his undertakings
In right or wrong, and to expresse their zeale,
And readinesse to serve him, ere they went
Prophanely tooke the sacrament on their knees,
To live and dye with him.

Roberto. O most impious! their loyalty to us forgot?

Fulgent. I feare so.

Astut. Vnthankfull as they are.

Fulgen. Yet this deserves not
One troubled thought in you, Sir, with your pardon
I hold that their remove from hence makes more
For your security, then danger.

Roberto. True; and as I'll fashion it, they shall feele it too.

Astut. you shall presently be dispatch'd
With letters writ, and sign'd with our owne hand,
To the Duchesse of *Siena*, in excuse
Of these forces sent against her. If you spare
An oath to give it credit, that, wee never
Consented to it, swearing for the King,
Though false, it is no perjury.

Astut. I know it.

They are not fit to be state agents, Sir,
That without scruple of their conscience, cannot
Be prodigall in such trifles.

Fulgentio. Right, *Astut.*

Roberto. You must beside from us take some instructions
To be imparted, as you judge 'em usefull,
To the Generall *Gonzaga*. Instantly
Prepare you for your journey.

Astut. With the wings
Of loyalty and duty.

Exit *Astut.*

Fulg. I am bold to put your Majesty in mind.

Roberto.

The Maid of Honour.

Roberto. Of my promise,
And ayds, to further you in your amorous project
To the faire, and rich *Camilla*: there's my ring
Whatever you shall say that I intreat
Or can command by power, I will make good.

Fulg. Ever your Majesties creature.

Rob. *Venus* prove propitious to you.

Exit Roberto.

Fulg. All sorts to my wishes:

Bertoldo was my hindrance. Hee remov'd,
I now will court her in the conquerous stile,
Come, lee, and overcome. Boy.

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, your pleasure.

Fulg. Haste to *Camilla*, bid her prepare
An entertainment suitable to a fortune,
She could not hope for. Tell her, I vouchsafe
To honour her with a visit

Page. 'Tis a favour
I'll make her proud.

Fulg. I know it

Page. I am gone, Sir!

Exit Page.

Fulg. Intreaties fit not me, a man in grace,
May challenge awe, and privilege by his place,

Exit Fulgentio.

ACT.II. SCENE.II.

Sylli, Adorni, Clarinda.

Ador. SO melancholy say you?

Clar. NEVER given

To such retirement

Adorn. Can you guess the cause?

Clar. If it hath not it's birth, and being from
The brave *Bertoldo's* absence, I confesse
It is pass'd my apprehension.

The Maid of Honour.

Sylli. You are wide,
The whole field wide. I in my understanding
Pitty your ignorance: yet if you will
Sweare to conceale it, I will let you know.
VVhere her shode ringes her.

Clar. I vow, *Signior*,
By my virginity.

Sylli. A perillous oath
In a waiting-woman of fifteene, and is indeed
A Kinde of nothing.

Adorn. I'll take one of something
If you please to minister it.

Sylli. Nay, you shall not sweare,
I had rather take your word, for should you vow:
Dammee mee, I'll doe this, you are sure to breake.

Adorn. I thanke you *Signior*, but resolve us.

Sylli. Know then,
Here walkes the cause. She dares not looke upon me,
My beauties are so terrible, and inchaunting,
Shée cannot endure my sight.

Adorn. There I believe you.

Sylli. But the time will come, be comforted, when I will
Put off this vizor of unkindnesse to her,
And shew an amorous, and yeelding face:
And vntill then, though *Hercules* himselfe
Desire to see her, hee had better cate
His clubbe then passe her threshold, for I'll be
Her *Cerberus* to guard her.

Adorn. A good dogge.

enter *Page*.

Clar. VVorth twenty porters.

Page. Keepe you open house here?
No groome to attend a Gentleman? O, I spie one:

Sylli. Hee meanes not mee, I am sure.

Page. You sirrha; Sheepes-head,
With a face cut on a cat-sticke, Doe you heare?
You yeoman phewterer, conduct mee to

The

The Maid of Honour.

The Lady of the mansion, or my poniard
Shall disemboge thy soule.

Syl. O terrible!

Disemboge! I talke of *Hercules*, and here is one
Bound up in *decima sexto*.

Pag. Answer wretch.

Syl. Pray you little gentleman, be not so furious,
The Lady keepes her chamber.

Pag. And we present?

Sent in an Embassie to her? But here is
Her gentleman, Sirrah hold my cloake,
While I take a leape at her lips, do it and neatly;
Or having first tripp'd up thy heeles, I'll make
Thy backe my footstoole. *Page kisses Clar.*

Syl. *Tamberlaine* in little!

Am I turn'd Tutke! what an office am I put to!

Cl. My Lady, gentle youth is indispos'd.

Pag. Though she were dead and buried, only tell her,
The great man in the Court, the brave *Fulgentio*,
Descends to visit her, and it will raise her
Out of the grave for joy. *Enter Fulgen.*

Syl. Here comes another!

The divell I feare in his holi-day clothes.

Pag. So soone,

My part is at an end then, cover my shoulders,
When I grow great, thou shalt serve me.

Fulgen. Are you Sirrah

An implement of the house?

Syl. Sure he will make

A joynes-stoole of me!

Fulgen. Or if you belong

To the Lady of the place, command her hither.

Adorn. I do not weare her livery, yet acknowledge
A duty to her. And as little bound
To serve your peremptorie will, as she is
To obey your summons. 'Twill become you Sir,

The Maid of Honour.

To waite her leifurue, then her pleasure knowne
You may present your duty. *Fulgen.* Duty? Slave,
I'll teach you manners. *Ador.* I am past learning, make not
A tumult in the house. *Fulgen.* Shall I be brau'd thus?

Syl. O I am dead! and now I sowne.

They draw.

Clarín. Helpe, murther!

fals on his face.

Pag. Recover Sirrah, the Ladies here.

Enter Cam.

Syl. Nay then

I am alive againe, and I'll be valiant.

Cam. What insolence is this? *Adorni,* hold,
Hold I command you. *Fulgen.* Sawcy groome.

Cam. Not so Sir,
However in his life, he had dependance
Vpon my Father, He is a gentleman
As well borne as your selfe. Put on your hat.

Fulgen. In my presence, without leaue?

Syl. He has mine Madam?

Cam. And I must tell you Sir, and in plaine language,
How e'r your glittering out-side promise gentry,
The rudenesse of your carriage and behavioar
Speakes you a couser thing. *Syl.* She meanes a clowne Sir.
I am her interpreter for want of a better.

Cam. I am a Queene in mine owne house, nor must you
Expect an Empire here. *Syl.* Sure I must love her
Before the day, the prettie Soule's so valiant.

Cam. What are you? and what would you with me?

Fulgen. Proud one,
When you know what I am, and what I came for,
And may on your submission proceed so,
You in your reason must repent the courtesnesse
Of my entertainment.

Cam. Why fine man? what are you?

Fulgen. A kinsman of the Kings. *Cam.* I cry you mercy,
For his sake, not your owne. But grant you are so,
'Tis not impossible, but a king may haue
A foole to his kinsman, no way meaning you Sir.

Fulg

The Maid of Honour.

Fulgen. You have heard of *Fulgen.* *Cam.* Long since Sir,
A suit-broker in Court. He has the worst
Report among good men I ever heard of,
For briberie and extortion. In their prayers
Widdowes and Orphans curse him for a canker,
And caterpillar in the state. I hope Sir,
You are not the man, much lesse imploy'd by him
As a smocke-agent to me. *Fulgen.* I reply not
As you deserve, being assur'd you know me,
Pretending ignorance of my person, onely
To give me a tast of your wit; 'Tis well and courtly,
I like a sharpe wit well. *Syl.* I cannot indure it,
Nor any of the *Syllies.* *Fulgen.* More I know too,
This harsh induction must serve as a foyle
To the well tun'd observance and respect,
You will hereafter pay me, being made
Familiar with my credit with the King,
And that, containe your joy, I daine to love you.

Cam. Love me? I am not rap'd with't. *Ful.* Hear't againe.
I love you honestly, now you admire me.

Cam. I doe indeed, it being a word so seldome
Heard from a courtiers mouth. But pray you deale plainly,
Since you finde me simple. what might be the motives
Inducing you to leave the freedome of
A batchelers life, on your soft necke to weare
The stubborne yoke of marriage? And of all
The beauties in *Palermo*, to choose me,
Poore me? that is the maine point you must treat of.

Ful. Why I will tell you. Of a little thing
You are a prettles peate, indifferently faire too;
And like a new-rigg'd shippe both tite, and y'are
Well truss'd to beare. Virgins of Gyant size
Are sluggards at the sport: but for my pleasure,
Give me a near well timbred gamster like you,
Such neede no spurres, the quickenes of your eye
Assures an active spirit. *Cam.* You are pleasant Sir,

The Maid of Honor.

Yet I presume, that there was one thing in me.
Unmention'd yet, that tooke you more then all
Those parts you have remembred. *Fulgen.* What?

Cam. My wealth Sir.

Fulgen. You are i'the right, without that beantie is
A flower worne in the morning, at night trod on.
But beantie, youth, and fortune meeting in you,
I will vouchsafeto marrie you. *Cam.* You speake well,
And in returne excuse me Sir, if I
Deliver reasons why upon no tearmes
I'll marrie you, I fable not. *Syl.* I am glad
To heare this, I began to have an ague.

Fulgen. Come. your wise-reasons.

Cam. Such as they are, pray you take them.

First I am doubtfull whether you are a man,
Since for your shape trimm'd up in a Ladies dressing
You might passe for a woman: now I love
To deale on certainties. And for the fairenes
Of your complexion, which you thinke will take me,
The colour I must tell you in a man
Is weake and faint, and never will hold out
If put to labour, giue me the lovely browne:
A thicke curl'd hayre of the same dye; broad shoulders,
A brawnie arme full of veines, a legge without
An artificiall calfe, I suspect yours,
But let that passe. *Syl.* She meanes me all this while,
For I have every one of those good parts,
O *Sylls*, fortunate *Sylls*! *Cam.* You are mov'd Sir.

Fulgen. Fie no, go on. *Cam.* Then as you are a courtier;
A grac'd one too, I feare you have beene too forward;
And so much for your person. Rich you are,
Divelish rich, as 'tis reported, and sure have
The aides of Satans little fiends to get it,
And what is got upon his backe, must be
Spent you know where, the proverb's sta'e, one word more
And I have done. *Fulgen.* I'll ease you of the trouble,

The Maid of Honour.

Coy, and disdainefull.

Cam. Save me, or else he'll beat me.

Fulg. No, your owne folly shall, and since you put mee
To my last charme, look upon this, and tremble.

Cam. At the sight of a faire ring? the Kings, I take it.

I have seene him weare the like; if he hath sent it
as a favour to mee. *Fulg.* Yes, 'tis verie likely,

His dying mothers gift, priz'd at his crowne,

By this hee does command you to be mine,

By his gift you are for you may yet redeme all. (may

Cam. You are in a wrong account still. Though the King

Dispose of my life and goods, my mind's mine owne,

And shall be never yours. The King (Heaven bleesse him)

Is good and gracious, and being in himselfe

Abstemious from base and goarish loosenesse,

Will not compell against their wills, chaste Maidens,

To dance in his mignious circles. I believe

Forgetting it, when he washed his hands, you stole it

With an intent to awe me. But you are toozin'd,

I am still my selfe, and will be.

Fulg. A proud haggard,

And not to be reclaim'd, which of your groomes,

Your coach-man, foole, or foot-man, ministers

Night phisique to you?

Cam. You are foule-mouth'd,

Fulg. Much fairer

Then thy blacke soule, and so I will proclaime thee.

Cam. Were I a man, thou durst not speake this.

Fulg. Heav'n

So prosper mee, as I resolve to doe it

To a'l men, and in every place, scorn'd by

A tit of pen-pence?

Exit *Fulgentio* and
his *Page*.

Sylli. New I begin to be valiant

Nay, I will draw my sword. O for a brother!

Does a friends part, pray you carry him the length of 'c.

I give him three yeeres, and a day to march my Toledo,

E

And

*Shewes the
Kings ring.*

The Maid of Honour.

And then wee'll fight like Dragons.

Adorn. Pray have patience.

Cam. I may live to have vengeance; My *Bertoldo* Would not have heard this.

Adorn. Madam.

Cam. 'Pray you spare
Your language; Pre'thee foole, and make me merry:

Sylli. That is my Office ever.

Adorn. I must doe,
Not talke, this glorious gallant shall heare from me. *Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCENE. III.

The chambers discharg'd: A flourish, as to an assault. *Gonzaga, Pierio, Roderigo, Iacomo, Souldiers.*

Gonzaga. Is the breach made assaultable?

Pierio. Yes, and the moate
Fill'd up, the Canonier hath don his parts,
We may enter fix a brest.

Roderig. There's not a man
Dares shew himselfe upon the wall.

Iacom. Defeate not
The souldiers hop'd-for spoile.

Pier. If you, Sir,
Delay the assault, and the Citie be given up
To your discretion, you in honour cannot
Vse the extremitie of warre, but in
Compassion to 'em, you to us prove cruell.

Iacom. And an enemy to your selfe.

Roder. A hindrance to
The brave revenge you have vow'd

Gonz. Temper your heat,
And loose not by too sudden rashnesse, that
Which be but patient, will be offer'd to you.

The Maid of Honour.

Security ushers ruine; proud contempt
Of an enemy three parts vanquish'd with desire
And greedinesse of spoyle, have often wrested
A certaine victory from the Conquerours gripe.
Discretion is the tutor of the warre,
Valour the pupill, and when we command
With lenity and your directions follow'd
With cheerefulnesse, a prosperous end must crowne
Our workes well undertaken.

Roderig. Ours are finish'd

Pier. If we make use of fortune.

Gonz. Her false smiles

Deprive you of your judgements. The condition
Of our affaires exacts a double care,
And like bisfronted *Ianus*, wee must looke
Backward, as forward: though a flattering calme
Bids us urge on, a sudden tempest rais'd,
Not fear'd, much lesse expected, in our reere
May foully fall upon us, and distract us
To our confusion. Our scout! what brings Enter Scout.
Thy ghastly lookes, and sudden speede?

Scout. Th'assurance
Of a new enemy.

Gonz. This I fore-saw, and fear'd.
What are they, know'st thou?

Scout. They are by their colours
Sicilians, bravely mounted, and the brightness
Of their rich armours doubly gilded with
Reflection of the Sunne.

Gonz. From Sicilie?

The King in league! no warre proclaimed! 'tis foule,
But this must be prevented, not disputed.
Ha, how is this? your Estridge plumes, that but
E'n now like quills of Porcupines seem'd to threaten
The states, drop at the rumor of a shower?
And like to captive colours sweep the earth?

The Maid of Honour.

Bear up, but in great dangers, greater mindes
Are neuer proud. Shall a few loose troopes untrain'd
But in a customary ostentation,
Presented as a sacrifice to your valours
Cause a dejection in you?

Pier. No dejection.

Red. However startl'd, where you lead, we'll follow

Gon. 'Tis bravely said. We will not stay their charge,
But meet 'em man to man, and horse to horse.

Pierio in our absence hold our place,
And with our foot-men, and those sickely troupes,
Prevent a sally. I in mine owne person,
With part of the cavallery, will bid,
These hunters welcome to a bloody breakefast,
But I lose time.

Pier. I'll to my charge.

Exit Pierio.

Gonz. And wee

To ours. I'll bring you on.

Iacom. If we come off

It is not amisse, if not, my state is settl'd

Exeunt, alarme.

ACT. II. SCENE. IIII.

Ferdinand. Druso. Livio. above.

Far. **N**O aydes from *Sicilie*? Hath hope forsooke us?
And that vaine comfort to affliction, pittie
By our vow'd friend deni'd us? we can nor live,
Nor die with honor: like beasts in a toyle
Wee waite the leasure of the bloody hunter,
Who is not so farre reconcil'd u. to us,
As in one death to give a period
To our calamities, but in delaying
The fate wee cannot flie from, starv'd with wants,
Wee die this night to live againe to morrow,

And.

The Maid of Honour.

And suffer greater torments.

Druso. There is not
Three dayes provision for every soldiour,
At an ounce of bread a day left in the Citty.

Liv. To dye the beggers death with hunger, made
Anatomies while we live, cannot but cracke
Our heart-strings with vexation.

Ferd. Would they would breake,
Breake altogether, how willingly like *Cato*
Could I teare out my bowells, rather then
Looke on the conquerors insulting face,
But that religion, and the horrid dreame
To be suffer'd in the other world denyes it.
What newes with thee?

Enter Souldier.

Soul. From the turret of the fort
By the rising clouds of dust, through which, like lightning
The spendor of bright armes sometimes brake through,
I did descry some forces making towards us,
And from the campe, as emulous of their glory,
The Generall, (for I know him by his horse)
Tnd bravely seconded. encounter'd 'em.
Their greetings were too rough for friends, their swords
And not their tongues exchanging courtesies.
By this the maine Battalies are joyn'd,
And if you please to be spectators of
The horrid issue, I will bring you where
As in a Theater you may see their fates
In purple gore presented.

Ferd. Heaven. If yet
Thou art appeas'd for my wrong done to *Aurelia*,
Take pittie of my mileries. Lead the way, friend.

The Maid of Honour.

ACT. II. SCENE. V.

A long charge after a Flourish for Victory.

*Gonzaga. Iacomo. Roderigo wounded. Bertoldo.
Gassaro. Anthonio Prisoners.*

Gonz.

VVE have 'em yet, though they cost vs deer. This was
Charg'd home, and bravely follow'd. Be to your
True mirrors to each others worth, and looking [elves
With noble Emulation on his wounds,
(The glorious Livery of triumphant war) *To Iacomo
and Roderigo.*
Imagine these with equall grace appeare
Vpon your selfe. The bloody swat you have suffer'd
In this laborious, nay royisome harvest,
Yeelds a rich crop of conquest, and the spoyle
Most precious balsum to a souldies hurts
Will ease and cure 'em. Let me looke upon *To Gassaro
and Anthon.*
The prisoners faces. O how much transform'd
From what they were. O Mars! were these toyes fashion'd
To undergoe the burthen of thy service?
The weight of their defensive armor bruiz'd
Their weak, effeminate limbes, and would have forc'd 'em
In a hot day without a blow to yeeld.

Antho. This insultation shewes not manly in you.

Gonz. To men I had forborne it, you are women,
Or at the best loose carpet knights, what fury
Seduc'd you to exchange your ease in Court
For labour in the field? Perhaps you thought,
To charge through dust, and blood, an armed foe,
Was but like gracefull running at the ring
For a wanton mistrisse glove, and the encounter
A soft impression on her lips. But you
Are gawdie butterflies, and I wrong my selfe

In

The Maid of Honour.

In parling with you.

Gasp. Davittis. Now we prove it.

Rod. But here's one fashion'd in another mould,
And made of tougher mettall.

Gonz. True, I owe him

For this wound bravely given. *Ber.* O that mountaines

Were heap'd upon me, that I might expire

A wretch no more remembred. *Gonz.* Look up Sr.

To be overcome deserves no shame. If you

Had false ingloriously, or could accuse

Your want of courage in resistance, 'twere

To be lamented: But since you perform'd

As much as could be hop'd for from a man,

(Fortune his enemy) you wrong your selfe

In this direction, I am honor'd in

My victory ore you: but to have these

My prisoners, is in my true judgement rather,

Captivitie then a triumph; you shall finde

Faire quarter from me, and your many wounds

(Which I hope are not mortall) with such care

Lookt to, and cur'd, as if your nearest friend

Attended on you. *Ber.* When you know me better,

You will make void this promise: Can you call me

Into your memory. *Gonz.* The brave *Bertoldo!*

A brother of our order! By Saint *Iohn*,

(our holy patron) I am more amaz'd,

Nay thunderstrooke, with thy Apostacy,

And præcipice from the most solemne vowes

Made vnto heaven, when this, the glorious badge

Of our redeemer was conferr'd upon thee,

By the great master, then if I had seene

A reprobate Iew, an Atheist, Turke, or Tartar

Baptiz'd in our religion.

Ber. This I look'd for,
And am resolv'd to suffer.

Gen. Fellow Souldiers

The Maid of Honour.

Behold this man, and taught by his example
Know that 'tis safer far to play with lightning,
Then to rise in things sacred. In my rage *weeps,*
I shed these at the funerall of his vertue,
Faith and religion; why I will tell you
He was a gentleman, so trayn'd up, and fashion'd
For noble uses, and his youth did promise
Such certainties, more then hopes, of great atchievements;
As if the Christian World had stood oppos'd
Against the Ottoman race to trie the fortune
Of one encounter, this *Bertoldo* had beene
For his knoweldge to direct, and matchles courage
To execute, without a rivall, by
The votes of good men chosen generall,
As the prime souldier, and most deserving,
Of all that weare the crosse, which now in justice
I thus teare from him.

Ber. Let me dye with it,
Vpon my breast.

Gonz. No, By this thou wer't sworne
On all occasions, as a knight to guard
Weake Ladies from oppression, and never
To draw thy sword against 'em, where as thou
In hope of gaine or glory, when a Princess
And such a Princess as *Aurelia* is,
Was dispossest'd by violence, of what was
Her true inheritance, against thine oth,
Hast to thy uttermost labour'd to uphold
Her falling enemy. But thou shalt pay
A heavy forfeiture, and learne too late,
Valour, imploy'd in an ill quarrell, turnes
To cowardice, and vertue then puts on
Foule vices vizard. This is that which cancells
All friendship bands between vs Beare 'em off
I will heare no reprie. And let the ransom

The Maid of Honour.

Of these, for they are yours, be highly rated;
In this I doe but right, and let it be
Stil'd justice, and not wilfull cruelty.

Exeunt.

The end of the second Act.

ACT. III. SCENE. I.

Gonzaga, Astutio, Roderigo, Iacomo.

Gonzaga. **W**Hat I have done Sir by the law of armes
I can, and will make good.

Astutio. I have no commission *(speake*
To expostulate the act. These letters

The King my Masters love to you, and his
vow'd service to the Duchesse, on whose person
I am to giue attendance.

Gonz. At this instant.

Shee's at *Pienza*; you may spare the trouble
Of riding thither: I have advertized her
Of our successe, and on what humble termes
Sienna stands: though presently I can
Possesse it I deferre it, that shee may
Enter her owne, and as she please dispose of
The prisoners and the spoyle.

Astut. I thanke you, Sir.

I'the meane time, if I may have your licence,
I have a Nephew, and one once my ward
For whose liberties and ransomes, I would gladly
Make composition.

Gonz. They are, as I take it,
Call'd *Gasparo*, and *Anthonio*,

Astut. The same, Sir,

The Maid of Honour.

Gonz. For them you must treat with these but for *Bertoldo*,
He is mine owne, if the King will ransom him,
He payes downe fifty thousand crownes, if not
He liues, and dies my slave,

Asst. Pray you a word.
The King will rather thanke you to detain him,
Then give one crowne to free him.

Gonz. At his pleasure
I'll send the prisoners under guard, my businesse
Calls me another way. *Exit Gonzaga.*

Asst. My service waits you,
Now Gentlemen do not deale like Merchants with me,
But noble Captaines, you know in great mindes
Posse, & nolle nobile. *Rod.* Pray you speake
Our language.

Iacom. I finde not in my commission
An officers bound to speake or understand
More then his Mother tongue.

Roder. If hee speake that
After midnight 'tis remarkable.

Asst. In plaine termes then,
Antonio is your prisoner, *Gaspardo* yours.

Iacom. You are i'the right.

Asst. At what summe doe you rate
Thejr severall ransomes.

Rod. I must make my market
As the commodity cost me.

Asst. As it cost you?
You did not buy your Captainship? your desert
I hope advanc'd you.

Rod. How? it well appeares
You are no souldier. Desert in these daies?
Desert may make a Sericant to a Colonel,
And it may hinder him from rising higher,
But if it ever get a company,
A company, pray you marke mee, without money

The Maid of Honour.

Or private service done for the Generalls Mistresse,
With a commendatory Epistle from her,
I will turne Lansprizadoc.

Iacom. Pray you observe, Sir :

I serv'd two prenticeships, just foureteene yeere,
Trayling the puissant pike ; and halfe so long
Had the right hand file, and I fought well, 'twas said too :
But I might have serv'd, and fought, and serv'd til doomsday,
And never have carryed a flagge, but for the legacy
A buxsome widdow of threescore, bequeath'd mee,
And that too, my backe knowes, I labour hard for,
But was beter paid.

Asst. You are merry with your selves
But this is from the purpose.

Roder. To the point then.

Prisoners are not tane every day, and when
We have 'em we must make the best use of 'em.
Our pay is little to the part we should beare,
And that so long a comming, that 'tis spent
Before we have it, and hardly wipes off scores
At the Taverne, and the Ordinary.

Iacom. You may adde to
Our sport tooke up on trust.

Roder. Peace, thou smocke vermin.

Discover commanders, secrets ! In a word, Sir,
We have requir'd, and find our prisoners rich :
Two thousand crownes a piece, our companies cost vs,
And so much each of us will have, and that
In present pay:

Iacom. It is too little ; yet
Since you haue said the word, I am content,
But will not goe a gazet lesse.

Asst. Since you are not
To be brought lower, there is no evading,
I'll be your pay-master.

Roder. Wee desire no better.

The Maid of Honour.

Asst. But not a word of what's agreed between us,
'Till I have schoold my gallants.

Iacom. I am dumb, Sir.

Enter a guard: *Bertoldo, Anthonio, Gaspero*, in yrons.

Bert. And where remov'd now? hath the Tyrant found out
Worse usage for us?

Antho. VVorfe it cannot be.

My grewhound has fresh straw, and scrapes in his kennell,
But wee have neyther.

Gasp. Did I ever thinke
To weare such garters on filke stockings? or
That my too curious appetite, that turn'd
As the sight of godwits, pheasant, partidge, quales
Larkes, wood-cocks, caluerd sammon, as course diet,
Would leape at 'a mouldy crust?

Antho. And goe without it;
So oft as I doe, O how haue I jeer'd
The City entertainment. A huge shoulder
Of glorious fat Rammie Mutton, seconded
With a paire of tame cats, or conies, a crabbe tart
With a worthy loyne of veale, and valiant Capon,
Mortifi'd to grow tender. These I corn'd
From their plentifull horne of abundance, though invited:
But now I could carry my owne stoole to a tripe,
And call their chitterlings charity, and blesse the founder.

Bertol. O that I were no farther sensible
Of my miseries then you are! you like beasts
Feele onely stings of hunger, and complaine not
But when you are empty: but your narrow soules
(If you have any) cannot comprehend
How insupportable the torments are,
Which a free and noble soule made captiue, suffers:
Most miserable men! and what am I then,
That enuy you? Fetters though made of gold,

Expreſſe

The Maid of Honour.

Expresse base thraldome, and all delicacies
Prepar'd by Median cookes for Epicures,
When not our owne, are bitter quilts fill'd high
With gossamire and roses, cannot yeeld
The body soft repose, the mind kep't waking
With anguish and affliction.

Asst. My good Lord.

Ber. This is no time, nor place for flattery Sir,
Pray you stile me as I am, a wretch forsaken
Of the world, as my selfe.

Asst. I would it were
In me to helpe you.

Ber. I if that you want power Sir,
Lip comfort cannot cure me, pray you leave mee
To mine owne private thoughts.

Asst. My valiant Nephew! *walkes by*
And may more then warlike-ward! I am glad to see you
After your glorious conquests. Are these chaines
Rewardde for your good service? If they are
You should weare 'em on your necks (since they are massie)
Like Aldermen of the war. *Antbo.* You jeere us to!

Gasp. Good uncle name not (as you are a man of honor)
That fatall word of war, the very summon of't
Is more dreadfull then a Cannon.

Antbo. But redeeme us
From this Captivitie, and I'll vow hereafter
Never to weare a sword, or cut my meate
With a knife, that has an edge or point. I'll starve first

Gasp. I will crie broome or cats meate in *Palermo*;
Turne porter, carrie burthens; any thing,
Rather then live a souldier.

Asst. This should have
Beene thought upon before. At what price thinke you
Your two wise heads are rated?

Antbo. A calves head is
More worth then mine, I am sure it had more braines in't

The Maid of Honour.

Or I had never come here.

Roder. And I will eate it
With bacon, if I have not speedy ranfome.

Ant. And a little garlick too, for your owne sake Sir.
'Twill boyle in your stomacke else.

Gasp. Beware of mine
Or the hornes may choake you. I am married Sir.

Antho. You shall have my row of houses neare the pallace

Gasp. And my vii^a all.

Antho. All that we have. *To Astutis.*

Astutis. Well, have more wit hereafter
For this time you are ransom'd,

Iacom. Off with their irons.

Rod. Do do. If you are ours again, you know your price.

Antho. Pray you dispatch us: I shall nere beleieve
I am a freeman, till I set my foote
In Sicilie agen, and drinke *Palermo*,
And in *Palermo* too.

Astutis. The wind sits faire,
You shall aboard to night with the rising Sun
You may touch upon the coast. But take your leaves
Of the late Generall first.

Gasp. I will be briefe.

Antho. And I, my lord heaven keepe you.

Gasp. Yours to use

In the way of peace, but as your souldiers never.

Antho. A pox of war no more of war.

Ber. Have you *Exeune Roderig. Iaco. Antho. Gasp.*
Authority to loose their bonds, yet leave
The brother of your King, whose worth disdaines
Comparison with such as these, in irons?
If ranfome may redeeme them, I have landes,
A patrimony of mine owne assign'd me,
By my deceased sire to satisfie
What ere can be demanded for my freedome.

Astutis. I wish you had Sir, but the king who yeelds:

No

The Maid of Honour.

No reason for his will, in his displeasure
Harsh seal'd on all you had ; nor will *Gonzaga*,
Whose prisoner now you are, accept of lesse
Then fiftie thousand crownes.

Ber. I finde it now
That misery nere comes alone. But grant
The King is yet inexorable, time,
May worke him to a feeling of my sufferings.
I have friends, that swore their lives and fortunes were
At my devotion, and among the rest
Your selfe my lord, when forfeited to the Law
For a foule murther, and in cold blood done,
I made your life my gift, and reconcil'd you
To this incensed king, and got your pardon.
Beware ingratitude. I know you are rich
And may pay downe the Sum.

Asst. I might my lord,
But pardon me.

Ber. And will *Asstis* prove then
To please a passionate man, the kings no more,
False to his maker and his reason ? which
Commandes more then I aske ? O summer friendship,
Whose flattering leaves that shaddowed us in
Our prosperity, with the least gust drop off
In th' Autumne of aduersity ! How like
A prison is to a grave ! when dead we are
With solemne Pompe brought thither, and our heires,
(Masking their joy in false dissembled teares)
Weepe ore the hearse, but earth no sooner covers
The earth brought thither, but they turne away
With inward smiles, the dead no more remembred.
So enter'd in a prison. *Asst.* My occasions
Command me hence my lord.

Ber. Pray you leave me, doe ;
And tell the cruell king, that I will weare
These fetters 'till my flesh, and they are one

~~The Revill of Love.~~

Incorporated substances. In my selfe,
As in a glasse, I'll looke on humane frailty,
And curse the height of Royall blood: since I
In being borne neare to *love*, am neare his thunder.
Cedars once shaken with a storme, their owne *Exit Astutio.*
Waight grubs their rootes out, Leid me where you please;
I am his, not fortunes martyr, and will dye
The great example of his cruelty.

Exit com' fuis.

ACT. III. SCENE. II.

Adorni.

Adorni. **H**E undergoes my challenge, and contemnes it,
And threatens me with the late Edict made
'Gainst duellists, then altar cowards flie to.
But I that am ingag'd, and nourish in me
A higher aime then faire *Camilla* dreames of,
Must not sit down thus. In the court I dare not
Attempt him; and in publike, hee's so guarded
With a heard of Parasites, Clients, fooles and sutors,
That a musket cannot reach him, my designs
Admit of no delay. This is her birth-day,
Which with a fit and due solemnitie
Cynthia celebrates; and on it, all such
As love or serve her, usually present
A tributary duty. I'll have something
To give, if my intelligence prove true,
Shall find acceptance. I am told, neare this grove
Fulgentio very morning makes his markets
With his petitioners. I may present him
With a sharpe petition. Ha, 'tis he: my fate
Be ever blest'd for't. *Exit Fulgen.*

Fulgen. Command such as waite me

Not

The Maid of Honour.

Not to presume at the least for halfe an houre
To presse on my retirements.

Page. I will say, Sir, you are at your prayers.

Fulg. That will not finde beliefe,

Courriers have something else to do, be gon, Sir,
Challeng'd I 'tis well I and by a grome I still better I
Was this shape made to fight? I have a tongue yet,
How e'r no sword to kill him, and what way
This morning, I'll resolve of.

Exit Fulgenzio.

Adorn. I shall crosse

Your resolution, or suffer for you.

Exit Adorni.

ACT.III. SCENE.III.

Camila : divers servants with presents :

Sylli, Clarinda.

Sylli. **VV** Hat are all these?

Clar. Servants with severall presents,

And rich ones too.

1. *Serv.* With her best wishes, Madam,
Of many such daies to you, the Lady *Petula*
Presents you with this fanne.

2. *Serv.* This Diamond
From your Aunt *Honorio*.

3. *Serv.* This piece of plate
From your Vncle, old *Vincenzio*, with your armes
Graven upon it.

Cam. Good friends they are too.
Munificent in their love, and favour to me.
Out of my cabinet returne such jewells
As this directs you, for your paines; and yours;
Nor must you be forgotten. Honour mee
With the drinking of a health.

1. *Serv.* Gold on my life!

G

2, *Serv.*

The Maid of Honour.

2. *Serv.* She scôrnes to give base silver.

3. *Serv.* VVould she had beene
Borne every moneth in the yeere !

1. *Serv.* Moueth ? every day.

2. *Serv.* Shew such another maid.

3. All happinesse wait you.

Exeunt Syll, Clarinda,

Sylli. I'll see your will done.

Servants.

Cam. How, *Adorn*y wounded?

*Enter Adorn*y wounded.

Ador. A scratch got in your service, else not worth

Your observation ; I bring not Madame

In honour of your birth-day, anticque plate,

Or pearle, for which the savage Indian dives

Into the bottome of the Sea ; nor Diamonds

Hewne from steepe rockes with danger : Such as give

To those that have what they themselves want, aime at

A glad returne with profit : yet despise not

My offering at the altar of your favour ;

Nor let the lownesse of the giver lessen

The height of whats presented. Since it is

A pretious jewell, almost forsoyted,

And dimn'd with clouds of infamy redeem'd

And in its naturall splendor, with addition,

Restor'd to the true owner.

Cam. How is this?

Ador. Not to hold you in suspence, I bring you, Madame,

Your wounded reputation cur'd, the sting

Of virulent malice, festring your faire name,

Pluck'd out and trode on. That proud man, that was

Deny'd the honour of your bed, yet durst

With his untrue reports, strumper your fame,

Compell'd by mee, hath given himsele the lye,

And in his owne blood wrote it, you may read

Fulgensio subscrib'd,

Cam. I am amaz'd!

Adorn. It does deserve it, Madam. Common service

Is fit for hindaes, and the reward proportion'd

The Maid of Honour.

To their conditions: Therefore take not on mee
As a follower of your fathers fortunes, or
One that subsists on yours, you frowne I my service
Merits not this aspect.

Cam. Which of my favours,
I might say bounties, hath begot, and nourish'd
This more then rude presumption? since you had
An itch to try your desperate valour, wherefore
Went you not to the warre? couldst thou suppose
My innocence could ever fall so low,
As to have need of thy rash sword to guard it
Against malicious slander? O how much
Those Ladies are deceiv'd and cheated, when
The clearenesse and integrity of their actions
Doe not defend themselves, and stand secure
On their owne bases? Such as in a colour
Of seeming service give protection to 'em,
Betray their owne strengthes. Malice scorn'd, puts out
It selfe, but argu'd, gives a kinde of credit
To a false accusation. In this
This your most memorable service, you believ'd
You did me right, but you have wrong'd mee more
In your defence of my undoubted honour,
Then false *Fulgentio* could.

Adorn. I am sorry, What
Was so well intended, is so ill receiv'd,
Yet under your correction you wish'd
Bertoldo had beene present.

Enter Clarinda

Cam. True I did:
But he and you, Sir, are not parallels,
Nor must you thinke your selfe so.

Adorn. I am what
You'll please to have mee.

Cam. If *Bertoldo* had
Punish'd *Fulgentio's* insolence, it had shewne
His love to her, whom in his judgement hee

THE MISTAKE OF HONOUR.

Vouchsafe to make his wife. A height I hope
Which you dare not aspire to. The same actions
Sute not all men alike : but I perceive
Repentance in your looks. For this time leave me
I may forgive, perhaps forget your folly,
Conceale yourselfe till this storme be blowne over.

You will be sought for, yet for my estate *Gives him her
band to kisse.*
Can hinder it, shall not suffer in my service.

Adm. This is something yet, tho I mist the mark I shot at.

Cam. This Gentleman is of a noble temper. *(Exit Adm.)*
And I too harsh, perhaps in my reproofe,
Was I not *Clarinda*?

Clarind. I am not to censure
Your actions Madame : but there are a thousand
Ladies, and of good fame, in such a cause.
Would be proud of such a servant.

Cam. It may be ; *Enter a Servant.*

Let me offend in this kinde. Why uncall'd for ?

Serv. The Signiors, Madame, *Gaspere* and *Anthonio*,
(Selected friends of the renowned *Bertoldo*)
Put a shore this morning.

Cam. Without him ?

Serv. I thinke so.

Cam. Never thinke more then.

Serv. They have beene at Court.

Kiss'd the Kings hand and there first duties done
To him, appeare ambitions to tender
To you their second service.

Cam. Waite 'em hither.

Exeunt Servants.

Feare doe not racke me, reason, now if ever,
Haste with thy ayds, and tell me such a wonder,
As my *Bertoldo* is, with such care fashion'd,
Must not, nay cannot, in hev'ns providence,
So soone miscarry; pray you forbear, ere you
Take the priviledge, as strangers to salute mee,
(Excuse my manners) make me first understand,

*Enter An-
thonio. Gas-
pere. Serv.*

How

The Maiden of Honour.

How it is with *Bertoldo*?

Ber. The relation

Will not I feare deserve your thanks.

Antbo. I wish

Some other should informe you.

Cam. Is he dead?

You see, though with some feare, I dare enquire it.

Gasp. Dead! Would that were the worst, a debt were pay'd
Kings in their birth owe nature. (then,

Cam. Is there ought
More terrible then death?

Antbo. Yes to a spirit
Like his. Cruell imprisonment, and that
Without the hope of freedome.

Cam. You abuse me,
The royall King cannot in love to vertue,
(Though all springs of affection were dri'd up)
But pay his ranfome.

Gasp. When you know what 'tis
You will thinke otherwise; Nolesse will do it
Then fifty thousand crownes.

Cam. A prettie sum,
The price waigh'd, with the purchase, 50. thousand?
To the King 'tis nothing. He that can spare more
To his minion for a malque, cannot but ranfome
Such a brother at a million, you wrong
The Kings magnificence.

Antbo. In your opinion,
But 'tis most certaine. He does not alone
In himselfe refuse to pay it, but forbids
All other men.

Cam. Are you sure of this?

Gasp. You may read
The edict to that purpose, publish'd by him,
That will resolve you.

Cam. Possible! pray you stand off,

The Maid of Honour.

If I doe not mutter treason to my selfe
My heart will breake; yet I will not curse him,
He is my king. The newes you have delivered,
Makes me wearie of your company, wee'll salute
When we meete next. I'll bring you to the dore,
Nay pray you no more complements.

Gasp. One thing more
And that's substantiall, Let your *Adorni.*
Looke to himselfe.

Antho. The king is much incens'd
Against him for *Fulgentio.*

Camio. As I am

For yuor slownesse to depart

Borb. Farewell sweet Lady. *Exeunt Gasp. Antho.*

Cam. O more then impious times! when not alone

Subordinate Ministers of justice are

Corrupted, and seduc'd, but kings themselves,

(The greater wheelles by which the lesser move)

Are broken or disjonted; could it be else

A king, to sooth his politique ends, should so far

For sake his honor, as at once to breake

Th' Adamant chaines of nature and religion,

To binde up Atheisme, as a defence

To his darke counsailes? will it ever be

That to deserve too much is dangerous,

And vertue, when too eminent a crime?

Must she serve fortune still? or when stripp'd of

Her gay, and glorious favours, loose the beantes

Of her owne naturall shape? O my *Bertaids!*

Thou onely Sun in honors Sphære, how soone

Art thou eclipsed and darkened! not the nearnesse

Of blood prevailing on the king; nor all

The benefits to the generall good dispent

Gayning a retribution! *Hic char.*

To owe a courtesie to a simple Virgin

Would take from the deserving, I finde in me

Some

The Beauty of the Mind.

Som sparks of fire, which fann'd with honors breath
Might rise into a flame, and in men darken
Their usurp'd splendor. Had my state is high,
And for the honor of my sex to fall so,
Can never prove inglorious. 'Tis resolv'd:
Call in *Adorni*.

Clar. I am happy in
Such employment, Madam.

Exit Clarinda.

Cam. Hee's a man,
I know that at a reverend distance loves me,
And such are ever faithfull: What a Sea
Of melting ice I walke on! what strange censures
Am I to undergoc! but good intents
Deride all future rumors.

Adorn. I obey
Your summons, Madam.

Exit Clarinda, & Adorni.

Cam. Leave the place *Clarinda*,
One woman, in a secret of such waight,
Wisemen may thinke too much, nearer *Adorni*
I warrant it with a smile.

Adorn. I cannot aske
Safer protection, what's your will?

Cam. To doubt
Your ready desire to serve me, or prepare you
With the repetition of former merits,
Would in my diffidence wrong you. But I will
And without circumstance, in the trust that I
Impole upon you, free you from suspicion.

Adorn. I foster none of you.

Cam. I know you do not.
You are *Adorni* by the love you owe me.

Adorn. The surest conjuration.

Cam. Take me with you,
Love borne of duty, but advance noe further,
You are Sir as I layd to do me service,
Toundertake a taske, in which your faith,

Indge.

The Maid of Honour.

Iudgement, discretion, in a word, your all
That's good, must be ingag'd, nor must you studie
In the execution, but what may make
For the ends I aime at.

Adorn. They admit no rivalls.

Cam. You answer well, you have heard of *Bartoldo's*
Captivity? and the kings neglect? the greatnesse
Of his ranfome, fiftie thousand crownes, *Adorni*,
Two parts of my estate.

Ador. To what tends this?

Cam. Yet I so love the gentleman (for to you
I will confesse my weaknesse) that I purpose
Now, when he is forsaken by the king,
And his owne hopes to ranfome him, and receive him
Into my bosome as my lawfull husband,
Why change you colour

Ador. 'Tis in wonder of
Your vertue, Madam.

Adorni
Starts and
seems troubled

Cam. You must therefore to
Si na for mee, and pay to *Gonzaga*
This ranfome for his liberty, you shall
Have bills of exchange along with you. Let him sweare
A solemne contract to me, for you must be
My principall witnesse, if he should. But why
Do I entertaine these jealousies? you will do this?

Adorn. Faithfully, Madam. But not live long after *aside*

Cam. One thing I had forgot. Besides his freedome
He may want accomodations, furnish him
According to his birth. And from *Camisola*
Deliver this kisse, printed on your lips
Seal'd on his hand! you shall not see my blusher,
I'll instantly dispatch you.

kisses him

Exit Camisola.

Adorni. I am halfe
Hang'd out of the way already, was there ever
Poore lover so imploy'd against himselfe
To make way for his rivall? I must doe it,

Nay

The end of the bird.

Nay mere, I will. If loyalty can find
Recompence beyond hope, or imagination
Let it fall on mee in the other world,
As a reward, for in this I dare not hope it. *Exit*

[The end of the bird. All.]

ACT. III. SCENE. I.

Gonzaga, Pietro Roderigo, Iacomo.

Gonzaga. **Y**OU have seiz'd upon the Cindell, and dis-
All that could make resistance (arm'd
Pietro. Hunger had (souldiour
Done that before wee came; nor was the
Compell'd to seeke for prey the famish'd wretches,
In hope of mercy, as a sacrifice offer'd
All that was worth the taking.

Gonzaga. You proclaim'd,
On paine of death, no violence should be offer'd
To any woman.

Rod. But it needed not,
For famine had so humbl'd 'em and rooke off
The care of their sexes honour, that there was not
So coy a beauty in the towne, but would
For halfe a monthly pike sell her selfe
To a poore besogion, and without shricking

Gonz. Where is the Duke of *Fris.*

Iacomo. Under guard,
As you directed

Gonzaga. See the Souldiers set
In ranke, and file, and as the Dutcheffe paces
Bid 'em vaile their ensignes, and charge 'em on their lives
Not to cry whores.

H *Iacomo.*

The Maid of Honour.

Iacom. The divell cannot fright 'em
From their military licence, though they know
They are her subjects, and will part with being,
To do her service; yet since she is a woman, (all
They will touch at her bitch with their tongues, and that is
That they can hope for. } *A shout, and a generall cry*

Gen. O the divell they are at it. } *within, whores, whores.*
Hell, stoppe, their bawling throats; againe! make up
And cudgell them into jelly.

Roder. To no purpose,
Though their mouthes were there,
They would have the same name for 'em.

Exeunt.

ACT. IIII. SCENE. II.

Roderigo, Iacomo, Pierio, Gonzaga, Aurelia (under a
Canopie) *Astusio* presents her with letters, lowd
musicke, shee reads the letters.

Gonzaga. **I** Doe beseech your highnesse not to ascribe
To the want of disciplin, the barbarous rudenes
Of the souldier in his profanation of
Your sacred name, and vertues

Aurelia. No, Lord Generall,
I have heard my father say oft, 'twas a custome,
Vsuall in the campe, nor are they to be punish'd
For words, that have in fact deserv'd so well.
Let the one excuse the other.

All. Excellent Princesse!

Aur. But for these aids from Sicily sent against us
To blast our spring of conquest in the bud:
I cannot find, my Lord Embassadour,
How we should entertaine it but as a wrong.
With purpose to detain us from our owne.
How e'r the King endeavours in his letters
To mitigate the affront.

Astusio.

The Maid of Honour.

Asnt. Your grace hereafter
May heare from me such strong assurances
Of his unlimited desires to serve you,
As will, I hope, drowne in forgetfulness
The memory of what's past.

Aurel. Wee shall take time
To search the depth of't further, and proceed
As our counsell shall direct vs.

Gonz. Wee present you
With the keyes of the Citty, all lets are remov'd,
Your way is smooth and easie, at your feet
Your proudest enemy falls.

Aurel. Wee thanke your valours
A victory without blood is twice achiev'd,
And the dispose of it to us tender'd,
The greatest honor, worthy captains thanks.
My love extends it selfe to all

Gonz. Make way there.

Exeunt. *[A Guard made
Aurelia. passe
thorow' em.
lowd musicks.]*

ACT.III. SCENE.III.

Bertoldo with a small booke in setters, *Taylor.*

Bertoldo. **T**is here determin'd (great examples arm'd
Winb arguments produc'd to make it good)
That neither tyrants, nor the wrested lawes;
The peoples franticke rage, sad exile, want,
Nor that which I endure, captivity,
Can do a wife man any injury:
Thus *Seneca*, when he wrot it, thought. But then
Feceliiry courted him; his wealth exceeding
A private man's happy in the embraces
Of his chaste wife *Paulina*,; his house full
Of childr, encliyents, servants, flattering friends
Soothing his lip-positions, and created
Prince of the Senate, by the generall voyce,

The Maid of Honour.

As his pupill newes suffrage : then no doubt
He held, and did believe this. But no sooner
The Princes frownes, and insult had throw'n him
Out of securities lappe, and communion
Had offer'd him what choyce of death he pleas'd,
But told him dye he must : when straight the armour
Of his so boasted fortitude, set off. *Throwes away the booke.*
Complaining of his frailtie. Can it then
Be censur'd womanish weaknesse in mee, if
Thus clog'd with yrons, and the period
To close up all calamities, deni'd mee,
(Which was presented *Seneca*) I wish
I ne'r had being, at least, never knew
What happines was, or argue with heavens justice ?
Tearing my locks, and in defiance throwing
Dust in the ayre ? or falling on the ground, thus
With my nayles, and teeth to digge a grave or rend
The bowells of the earth, my stepmother,
And not a naturall parent ? or thus practise
To dye, and as I were insensible,

Believe I had no motion *lies on his face* Enter *Gonzaga*

Gonz. There he is: *Adorn. Iaylor.*

He not enquire by whom his ransome's paid
I am satisfi'd that I have it : nor allge
One reason to excuse his cruell usage,
As you may interpret it, let it suffice
It was my will to have it so, he is yours now,
Dispose of him as you please

Exit Gonzaga.

Adorn. How e'r I hate him,

As one preferr'd before me, being a man;
He does deserve my pittie. Sir, he sleeps:
Or is he dead ? would hee were a Saint in heaven;
'Tis is all the hurt I wish him. But was not *Kneeles by*
Borne to such happinesse. No, he breaths, come neer, *(him.*
And if't be possible, without his feeling
Take off his yrons, so, now leave us privat *[His yrons taken off.*
He does begin to stir, and as transported. *Exit Iaylor.*

With

The Maid of Honour.

With a joyfull dreame, how he stares ! and fees his legges,
As yet uncertaine, whether it can be
True or phantasticall.

Ber. Ministers of mercy
Mocke not calamitie. Ha ! 'tis no vision !
Or if it be, the happiest that ever
Appear'd to sinfull flesh ! who's here ? His face
Speakes him *Adorni* ! but some glorious Angell
Concealing its divinity in his shape,
Hath done this miracle, it being not an act
For wolvissh man. Resolve me, if thou look'st for
Bent knees in adoration ?

Adorn. O forbear Sir,
I am *Adorni*, and the instrument
Of your deliverance ; but the benefit
You owe another.

Ber. If he has a name,
As soone as spoken, 'tis writ on my heart,
I am his bond-man.

Ador. To the shame of men,
This great act is a womans.

Ber. The whole sex
For her sake must be deifi'd. How I wander
In my imagination, yet cannot
Ghesse who this *Phoenix* should be !

Ador. 'Tis *Camiola*.

Ber. Pray you speake't againe, there's musicke in her name
Once more I pray you Sir.

Ador. *Camiola*,
The Maid of honor.

Ber. Curs'd Atheist that I was,
Onely to doubt it could be any other,
Since she alone in the abstract of her selfe,
That small, but ravishing substance comprehends
What ever it, or can be wished, in the
Iudea of a woman. O what service,
Or sacrifice of duty can I pay her !

The Maid of Honour.

If not to live, and dye her charities slave,
Which is resolv'd already.

Adorn. She expects not
Such a dominion ore you: yet ere I
Deliver her demands, give me your hand:
On this, as she enjoyn'd me, with my lips
I print her love and service by me sent you,
Ber. I am orewhelm'd with wonder!

Ador. You must now
(Which is the sum of all that she desires)
By a solemne contract bind your selfe, when she
Requires it as a debt, due for your fredome
To marrie her.

Ber. This does ingage me further,
A payment! an increase of obligation!
To marry her! 'twas my *nil ultra* ever!
The end of my ambition! O that now
The holy man, she present, were prepar'd
To joine our hands, but with that speed, my heart
Wishes, mine eyes might see her.

Adorn. You must sweare this.
Ber. Swear it? Collect all oaths, and imprecations
Whose least breach is damnation, and those
Ministred to me in a forme more dreadfull,
Set heaven, and hell before me, I will take 'em:
False to *Camilla*? Never. Shall I now
Begin my vowes to you?

Ador. I am no Church-man,
Such a one must file it on record, you are free,
And that you may appeare like to your selfe
(For so she wish'd) her's gold with which you may
Redeeme your trunks and servants, and what ever
Of late you lost. I have found out the Captaine
Whose spoyle they were. His name is *Roderigo*.

Ber. I know him.

Ador. I have done my parts.

Ber. So much sir

The Maid of Honour.

As I am ever your's for't, now me thinkes
I walke n ayre ! divine *Camilla*,
But words cannot expresse thee. I'll build to thee
An altar in my soule, on which I'll offer
A still increasing sacrifice of duty. *Exit Ber.*

Ador. What will become of me now is apparant !
Whether a poniard, or a halter be
The nearest way to hell (for I must thither,
After I have kill'd my selfe) is somewhat doubtfull?
This Roman resolution of selfe-murther,
Will not hold water, at the high Tribunal,
When it comes to be argu'd; my good Genius
Prompts me to this consideration. He
That kills himselfe, to avoid misery, scares it,
And at the best shewes but a bastard valour,
This lifes a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yeeld up, till it be forc'd,
Nor will ~~Hee~~'s not valiant that dares dy,
But he that boldly beares calamitie.

Exit

ACT. IV. SCENE. IV.

A Flourish.

Pierio. Roderigo. Iacomo. Gonzaga. Aurelia. Ferdinand.

Asutio. Attendants.

Aurelia. A Seat here for the Duke. It is our glory
To overcom with courtesies, not rigor;
To Lordly Roman, who held it the height
Of humane happinesse, to have kings and Queenes
To wait by his triumphant chariot wheels
In his insulting pride, depriv'd himselfe
Of drawing neare the nature of the gods,
Best known for such, in being mercifull,

Yet

The Maid of Honour.

Yet give me leave, but still with gentle language,
And with the freedom of a friend to tell you,
To seeke by force, what courtship could not win,
was not harsh, and never taught in loves milde school.
Wise Poets faine that Venus coach is draw'n
By doves, and sparrowes, not by beares, and tygres.

Ferd. I spare the application.

In my fortune,
Heav'ns justice hath confirm'd it, yet great Lady,
Since my offence grew from excesse of love,
And not to be resisted, having paid too,
With the losse of liberty, the forfeiture
Of my presumption, in your clemency
It may finde pardon

Aurel. You shall have just cause
To say it hath. The charge of the long siege,
Defraid, and the losse my subjects have sustain'd
Made good, since so farre I must deale with caution,
You have your liberty

Ferd. I could not hope for gentler conditions.

Aurel. My Lord Gonzaga.

Since my comming to *Siena*, I have heard much
Of your prisoner; brave *Bertaldo*.

Gonza. Such an one, Madam, I had.

Asst. And have still, Sir, I hope.

Gonz. Your hopes deceive you. He is ransom'd, Madame,

Asst. By whom, I pray you, Sir.

Gonzag. You had best enquire
Of your intelligencer. I am no informer.

Asst. I like not this.

Aurel. He is, as 'tis reported,
A goodly gentleman, and of noble parts,
A brother of your order.

Gonzaga. Hee was, Madam,
Till he against his oath wrong'd you, a princess,
Which his religion bound him from.

Aurel. Great mindes

The Maid of Honour.

For tryall of their valours oft maintaine
Quarrells that are unjust, yet without malice,
And such a faire construction I make of him.
I would see that brave enemy;

Gonzaga. My duty
Commands me to seeke for him.

Aur. Pray you doe:
And bring him to our presence.

Exit Gonzaga.

Asst. I must blast
His entertainment; may it please your excellency,
He is a man debanch'd, and for his riots
Cast off by the King my Master, and that, I hope, is
A crime sufficient

Ferd. To you his subjects,
That like as your king likes

*Enter Gonzaga, Bertoldo,
richly habited: Adorni.*

Aurel. But not to us;
We must waigh with our owne scale. This is he, sure I
How soone mine eye had found him! what a port
He beares! how well his bravery becomes him!
A prisoner I say, a princely sutor rather!
But I am too sudden.

Gon. Madame, 'twas his suite,
Vnsent for, to present his service to you,
Ere his departure.

Aurel. With what Majesty
He beares himselfe!

Asst. The divell I thinke supplies him,
Ransom'd, and thus rich too!

(hand.

Aurel. You ill deserve
The favour of our hand; we are not well,
Give us more ayre.

Ferdinand kneeling, kisses her

She descends suddenly.

Gonz. What sudden qualme is this?

Aurel. That lifted yours against mee.

Bertol. Thus once more,
I sue for pardon

Aur. Sure his lips are poyson'd,
And through these veines, force passage to my heart

I

Aside.
Which

The Maid of Honour.

Which is already seiz'd upon.

Bertol. I wait, Madam,
To know what your commands are; my designs
Exact me in another place.

Aurel. Before
You have our licence to depart; if manners,
Civility of manners cannot teach you
To attend our leisure, I must tell you, Sir,
That you are still our prisoner, nor had you
Commission to free him.

Gonz. How's this, Madam?

Aurel. You were my substitute, and wanted power
Without my warrant to dispose of him.
I will pay backe his ransom ten times over,
Rather then quit my interest.

Bertol. This is
Against the law of armes.

Aur. But not of love: *Aside.*
Why, hath your entertainment, Sir, beene such
In your restraint, that with the wings of feare
You would flie from it?

Bertol. I know no man, Madame,
Enamour'd of his fetters; or delighting
In cold or hunger, or that would in reason
Preferre straw in a dungeon, before
A downe bed in a Palace.

Aurel. How, come neerer;
Was his usage such?

Gonz. Yes, and it had beene worse,
Had I foreseene this.

Aur. O thou mis-shap'd monster!
In thee it is confirm'd, that such as have
No share in natures bounties, know no pittie
To such as have 'em. Look on him with my eyes,
And answer then, whether this were a man,
Whose cheekes of lovely fulnesse should be made
A prey to meagre famine? or these eyes

Whose

The Maid of Honour.

Whose every glance store *Cupid's* empti'd quiver,
To be dimm'd with tedious watching? or these lips,
These rudie lips, of whose fresh colour, cherries
And roses were but coppies, should grow pale
For want of Nectar? or these legges that beare
A burthen of more worth, then is supported
By *Atlas* wearied shoulders, should be cramp'd
With the weight of yron? O I could dwell ever
On this description!

Bertoldo. Is this indignation
Or pittie of me?

Aurel. In your charity
Believe me innocent. Now you are my prisoner
You shall have fairer quarter, you will shame
The place where you have beene, should you now leave it
Before you are recover'd. I'll conduct you
To more convenient lodgings, and it shall be
My care to cherish you. Repine who dare;
It is our will. You'll follow mee?

Bertoldo. To the centre,
Such a *Sybilla* guiding me. *Exeunt Aurelia, Bertoldo:*

Gonz. Who speaks first?

Ferd. We stand, as we had seen *Medusa's* head! *All amaz'd.*

Pierio. I know not what to thinke, I am so amaz'd!

Roder. Amaz'd! I am thunderstrooke!

Iacom. Wee are inchaunted,
And this is some illusion.

Adorn. Heav'n forbid!
In darke despaire, it shewes a beame of hope.
Containe thy joy, *Adorni.*

Asint. Such a Princeesse,
And of so long experienc'd reservednesse
Breake forth, and on the sudden, into flashes
Of more then doubted loosenesse.

Gonz. They come againe,
Smiling, as I live: His arme circling her waist:
I shall runne mad: Some fury hath posses'd her.

The Maid of Honour.

If I speake, I may be blasted. Ha, I'll mumble
A prayer or two, and crosse my selfe, and then
Though the divell fart fire, have at him.

Aurel. Let not, Sir,
The violence of my passions nourish in you
An ill opinion; or grant my carriage
Out of the rode, and garbe of private women,
'Tis still done with decorum. As I am
A Princeesse, what I doe, is aboue censure,
And to be imitated.

Bertoldo. Gracious Madams,
Vouchsafe a little pawle, for I am so rapt
Beyond my selfe, that 'till I have collected
My scatter'd faculties, I cannot tender
My resolution.

Aurel. Consider of it,
I will not be long from you,

*Bertoldo walking
by musing.*

Gonzaga. Pray I cannot!
This curst object strangles my devotion!
I must speake, or I burst. Pray you faire Lady,
If you can in courtesie, direct mee to
The chaste *Aurelia*.

Aurel. Are you blinde? who are wee?

Gonz. Another kind of thing. Her blood was govern'd
By her discretion, and not rul'd her reason:

The reverence and Majesty of *Inno*
Shinde in her lookes, and coming to the campe,
Appear'd a second *Pallas*. I can see
No such divinities in you If I

Without offence may speake my thoughts, you are,
As it were, a wanton *Helen*.

Aurelia. Good, ere long
You shall know mee better.

Gonz. Why, if you are *Aurelia*,
How shall I dispose of the Souldier?

Astus. May it please you
To hasten my dispatch?

Aurel.

The Maid of Honour.

Aurel. Prefer your suites
Unto *Bertoldo*, we will give him hearing,
And you'll finde him your best advocate.

Exit Aurelia

Astut. This is rare!

Gonz. What are we come to?

Roder. Grown up in a moment
A favorite!

Ferdi. He does take state already.

Ber. No, no, it cannot be, yet but *Camila*,
There is no stop betwene me and a crowne,
Then my ingratitude! a sinne in which
All sinnes are comprehended! Aide me vertue,
Or I am lost.

Gonz. May it please your excellence
Second me, Sir.

Ber. Then my so horrid oathes,
And hell-deepe imprecations made against it.

Astut. The king your brother will thank you for that advā-
Of his affaires . (ment

Bertol. And yet who can hold out
Against such batteries, as her power and greatnesse
Raile up against my weake defences!

Gonz. Sir, *Enter Aurelia,*
Doe you dreame waking, Slight, shee's here againe.

Ber. Walkes she on woollen feete!

Aureli. You dwell too long
In your deliberation, and come
With a criples pace to that which you should fly to

Ber. It is confes'd, yet why should I to winne
From you, that hazzard all to my poore nothing,
By false play send you off a looter from me?

I am already too too much engag'd
To the king my brothers anger; and who knowes
But that his doubts, and polirick feares, should you
Make me his equall, may draw war upon
Your territories, were that breach made up

The Maid of Honour.

I should with joy embrace, what now I feare
To touch but with due reverence.

Aureli. That hinderance
Is easily remov'd. I owe the king
For a royall visit, which I straight will pay him,
And having first reconcil'd you to his favour,
A dispensation shall meete with us,

Ber. I am wholly yours.

Aure. On this booke seale it.

Gon. What hand and lip too, then the bargaine's sure,
You have no imployment for me?

Aurel. Yes *Gonzaga*,
Provide a royall ship.

Gonz. A ship? *Saint John*,
Whither are we bound now?

Aurel. You shall know hereafter,
My lord your pardon, for my too much trenching
upon your patience.

A. or. Camilla.

Whispers to Bertoldo

Aurel. How doe you

Ber. Indispos'd, but I attend you.

Exeunt

A. or. The heavie curse that waites on perjurie,
And foule ingratitude, pursue thee ever.
Yet why from me this? In this breach of faith
My loyalty findes reward & what poysons him
Proves Mithridate to me! I have perform'd
All she commanded punctually, and now
In the cleare mirror of my truth, she may
Behold his falsehood. O that I had wings
To beare me to *Palermo*! This once knowne,
Must change her love into a just disdain,
And worke her to compassion of my paine.

Exit

A C T.

The Maid of Honour.

ACT. IV. SCENE. V.

Sylli. Camiola. Clarinda. At severall doores.

Sylli. **V**ndone! vndone! poore I that whilome was
The top and ridge of my house, am on the sudden
Turn'd to the pittifullest animal.
Of the lignage of the *Syllies*!

Cami. What's the matter?

Syl. The king! breake gyrdle, breake!

Cami. Why? what of him?

Syl. Hearing how far you doted on my person,
Growing envious of my happines, and knowing
His brother, nor his favorite *Fulgensio*,
Could get a sheepepie from you, I being present,
Is come himsele a suitor, with the awle
Of his authoritie to bore my nose,
And take you from me, Oh, oh, oh.

Cami. Do not rore so;
The king!

Syl. The king! yet loving *Sylli* is not
So sorrie for his owne, as your misfortune,
If the king should carrie you, or you beare him,
What a looser should you be? He can but make you
A queene, and what a simple thing is that
To the being my lawfull spouse. The world can never
Affoord you such a husband.

Cami. I beleeve you,
But how are you sure the king is so inclin'd?
Did not you dreame this?

Syl. With these eyes I saw him
Dismiss his traine, and lightning from his coach,
Whispering *Fulgensio* in the eare.

Cami. If so

The Maid of Honour.

I ghesse the businesse

Syl. It can be no other

But to give me the bob, that being a matter
Of maine importance, yonder they are, I dare not
Be seene, I am so desperate, if you forsake me, *Exit Rob. Ful.*

Send me word that I may provide a willow ghyrlond
To weare when I drowne my selfe. O *Sylli*, ô *Sylli*! *Exit*

Ful. It will be worth your paines Sir to observe *crying*

The constancie and bravery of her spirit,
Though great men tremble at your frownes, I dare
Hazzard my head, your majesty fet off
With terror, cannot fright her.

Robert. May she answer

My expectation.

Fulgen. There she is. *Cam.* My knees thus
Bent to the earth (while my vowes are sent upward
For the safety of my Sovereigne) pay the duty
Due for so great an honor, in this favour
Done to your humblest hand-maid.

Robert. You mistake me, I come not (Lady) that you may report,
The king to do you honor, made your house
(He being there) his court, but to correct
Your stubborne disobedience. A pardon
For that, could you obtaine it, were well purchas'd
With this humility. *Cam.* A pardon Sir?
'Till I am conscious of an offence.

I will not wrong my innocence to begge one,
What is my crime Sir? *Rob.* Look on him I favour,
By you scorn'd and neglected. *Cam.* Is that all Sr.

Robert. No minion, though that were too much. How can
Answer the setting on your desperate brauo (you
To murder him?

Cam. With your leave, I must not kneele Sir.
While I replie to this: But thus rise up
In my defence, and tell you as a man
(since when you are unjust, the diety

which

The Maid of Honour.

Which you may challenge as a King, parts from you)
'Twas never read in holy writ, or morall,
That subjects on their loyalty were oblig'd
To love their Sovereignes vices, your grace, Sir,
To such an undeserver is no vertue.

Fulgent. What thinke you now Sir?

Cam. Say you should love wine,
You being the king, and cause I am your subject,
Must I be ever drunke? Tyrants, not Kings,
By violence, from humble vassalls force
The liberty of their soules. I could not love him,
And to compell affection, as I take it,
Is not found in your prerogative.

Roberto. Excellent virgin!

How I admire her confidence!

Aside

Cam. Hee complains

Of wrong done him: but be no more a King,
Vnlesse you doe me right. Burne your decrees,
And of your lawes, and statutes make a fire,
To thaw the frozen numnesse of delinquents,
If he escape unpunish'd. Doe your edicts
Call it death in any man that breakes into
Anothers house to rob him, though of trifles,
And shall *Fulgentis*, your *Fulgentis* live?
Who hath committed more then sacriledge
In the pollution of my cleare fame
By his malicious slanders.

Roberto. Have you done this?
Answer truely on your life.

Fulgent. In the heat of blood
Some such thing I reported.

Roberto. Out of my sight.

For I vow, if by true penitence thou win not
This injur'd virgin to sue out thy pardon,
Thy grave is digg'd already.

Fulgent. By my owne folly,
I have made a faire hand of't.

Exit Fulgentis.

Roberto. You shall know Lady

K

While

The Match of Honour.

Cam. I must not be
Cruell by his example, you perhaps
Expect I now should ~~seek recovery~~
Of what I have lost by teares, and with bent knees
Beg his compassion. No, my towering vertue
From the assurance of my merit comes
To stoope so low. I'll take a nobler course,
And confident in the justice of my cause,
The king his brother, and new ~~adversitie~~, judges,
Ravish him from her armes, you have the contract
In which he swore to marrie me?

Ador. 'Tis here, Madam.

Cam. He shal be then against his wil my husband
And when I have him, I'll to use him, doubt not,
But that your honesty being unquestion'd,
This writing with your testimony clears all.

Ador. And burying me, in the dark mists of error.

Cam. I'll presently to court, pray you give order
For my caroch.

Ador. A cart for me were fitter
To hurrie me to the gallows *Exit Ador.*

Cam. O false men!
Inconstant! perjur'd! my good Angell helpe me
In these extreamities! *Enter Syl.*

Syl. If you ever will see brave fight,
Loose it not now. *Bertolde* and the *Dutcheffe*
Are presently to be married. There's such pompe
And preparation.

Cam. If I marry, 'tis
This day, or never.

Syl. Why with all my heart,
Though I break this, I'll keep the next oath I make
And then it is quit.

Cam. Follow me to my Cabinet,
You know my confessor, Father *Paulo*?

Syl. Yes. Shall he
Doe the feate for us?

Cam. I will give in writing

Directi-

The Maid of Honour.

Directions to him, and attire my selfe
Like a Virgin-bride, and something I will doe
That shall deserve mens prayse, and wonder too.
Syl. And I go make all know, I am not shallow,
Will have my points of Cacchineale and yellow.

Exeunt.

ACT. V. SCENE. II.

Lowd Musicke.

*Astutio. Gonzaga. Roderigo. Iacomo. Plerio. Roberto.
Bertoldo. Aurelia. Bishop. with Attendants.*

Rob. **H**Ad our division beene greater, Madam,
Your clemency, the wrong being done to you,
In pardon of it, like the rod of concord
Must make a perfect union, once more
With a brotherly affection we receive you
Into our favour. Let it be your study
Hereafter to deserve this blessing, faire
Beyond your merit.

Bertol. As the Princesses grace
To me is without limit, my endeavours
Withall obsequiousnesse to serve her pleasures
Shall know no bounds, nor will I being made
Her husband, ere forget the duty that
I owe her as a servant.

Aurel. I expect not
But faire equality, since I well know
If that superiority be due
'Tis not to mee, When you are made my comfort;
All the prerogatives of my high-birth cancell'd
I'll practise the obedience of a wife,
And freely pay it. Queenes themselves, if they
Make choice of their interiors, onely aiming
To feed their sensuall appetites, and to raigne
Over their husbands, in some kinde commit

Al-

The Maid of Honour.

Sylli. Durst not appeare, I being present,
That's his excuse, I warrant you.

Cam. Speake, where is hee?
With whom? who hath deserv'd more from him? or
Can be of equall merit? I in this
Doe not except the King.

Adorn. Hees at the Palace
With the Dutchesse of *Siena*. One coach brough 'em hither,
Without a third. Hee's very gracious with her,
You may conceive the rest.

Cam. My jealous feares
Make me to apprehend.

Adorn. Pray you dismisse
Signior wisdome, and I'll make relation to you
Of the particulars.

Cam. Servant, I would have you
To haste unto the Court.

Sylli. I will out-runne
A foote-man for your pleasure.

Cam. There observe
The Duchesse traine and entertainment.

Sylli. Feare not,
I will discover all that is of waight
To the liveries of her Pages, and her footemen?
This is fit imployment for mee.

Exit *Sylli.*

Cam. Gracious with
The Duchesse? sure you said so?

Adorn. I will use
All possible brevity to enforme you Madam,
Of what was trusted to mee, and discharg'd
With faith, and loyall duty.

Cam. I believe it;
You ransom'd him, and suppli'd his wants; imagine
That is already spoken; and what vows
Of service he made to mee is apparent;
His joy of mee, and wonder too perspicuous;
Does not your story end so?

Adorn. Would the end

The Maid of Honour.

Had answered the beginning, in a word,
Ingratitude, and perjurie at the height
Cannot expresse him.

Cam. Take heed. *Adorn.* Truth is arm'd
And can defend it selfe. It must out, Madam.
I saw, the presence full, the amorous Dutchesse
Kisse and embrace him, on his part accepted
With equall ardor, and their willing hands
No sooner joyn'd, but a remove was publish'd,
And put in execution. *Cam.* The proofes are
Too pregnant. O *Bertoldo!*

Ador. Hee's not worth
Your sorrow, Madam.

Cam. Tell mee, when you saw this
Did not you greive as I doe now to heare it?

Ador. His precipice from goodnesse raising mine;
And serving is a foyle to set my faith off,
I had little reason.

Cam. In this you confesse
The diuellish malice of your disposition.
As you were a man, you stood bound to lament it,
And not in flattery of your false hopes,
To glory in it: when good men pursue
The path mark'd out by vertue, the blest Saints
With joy looke on it, and Seraphique Angells
Clap their celestiaall wings in heavenly plaudits,
To be a scene of grace to well presented,
The fiends and men made up of envy mourning;
Where as now on the contrary as far
As their divinitie can partake of passion,
With me they weepe, beholding a faire Temple
Built in *Bertoldo's* loyalty turn'd to ashes
By the flames of his inconstancy, the damn'd
Rejoycing in the object: 'Tis not well
In you *Adorni.*

Ador. What a temper dwells
In this rare Virgin, can you pittie him
That hath shown none to you?

The Maid of Honour.

While I weare a crowne, justice shall use her sword
To cut offenders off, though neerest to us.

Cam. I, now you shew whose Deputy you are.
If now I bath your feete with teares, it cannot
Be censur'd superstition,

Roberto. You must rise.
Rise in our favour, and protection ever? *Kisses her.*

Cam. Happy are subjects! when the prince is still
Guided by justice, not his passionate will. *Exeunt.*

The end of the fourth Act.

ACT. V. SCENE. I.

Camilla, Sylli.

Cam. **Y**OU see how tender I am of the quiet
And peace of your affection, and what great
I put off in your favour. *(sings)*

Sylli. You doe wisely.
Exceeding wisely! and when I have said,
I thanke you for't, be happy.

Cam. And good reason,
In having such a blessing. *Sylli.* When you have it:
But the bait is not yet ready. Stay the time,
While I triumph by my selfe. King, by your leave,
I have wip'd your royall nose, without a napkin;
You may cry willow, willow, for your brother,
I'll onely say goe by; for my fine favourite,
He may graze where he please, his lips may water
Like a puppies ore a fermenty pot, while *Sylli*
Out of his two-leav'd cherry-stone dish drinks Nectar!
I cannot hold out any longer; heav'n forgive me,
'Tis not the first oath, I have broke, I must take

A little for a preparative

Cam. By no meanes.

*Offers to kisse and
embrace her.*

If

The Maid of Honour.

If you forswear your selfe wee shall not prosper
I'll rather lose my longing.

Sylli. Pretty soule!
How carefull is of me! let me busseye
Thy little dainty foot for't: that I am sure
Is out of my oath.

Cam. Why, if thou canst dispense with't
So farre, I'll not be scrupulous; such a favour
My amorous shoemaker steales.

Sylli. O most rare leather! *Kisser her shoe often.*
I doe begin at the lowest, but in time
I may grow higher.

Cam. Fie, you dwell too long there:
Rise, pre thee rise. *Enter Clarinda hastily.*

Sylli. O I am up already. *(now?)*
Cam. How I abuse my houres! what newes with thee
Clar. Off with that gowne, 'tis mine, mine by your pro-
Signior *Adorni* is return'd: now upon entrance: *(misch.)*
Off with it, off with it Madam.

Cam. Be not so hasty,
When I goe to bed 'tis thine.

Sylli. You have my grant too;
But doe you heare Lady, though I give way to this,
You must heereafter aske my leave before
You part with things of moment.

Cam. Very good.
When I am your's, I will be govern'd.

Sylli. Sweet obedience! *Enter Adorni*
Cam. You are well return'd
Adorni. I wish that the success
Of my service had deserv'd it.

Cam. Lives *Adorni* is
Adorni. Yes, and return'd with safety.

Cam. 'Tis not then
In the power of man to add to, or take from
My perfect happiness; and yet he should
Have made me his first visit. *Adorni.* So I thinke too;
But hee

The Maid of Honour.

'Authoriz'd wheresome, nor will I be guilty
In my intent of such a crime.

Gonz. This done,
As it is promis'd, Madam, may well stand for
A president to great women, but when once
The griping hunger of desire is cloyd,
(And the poore fool advanc'd brought on his knees
Most of your Eagle breed, I'll not say all)
(Ever excepting you) challenge againe,
What in hot blood they parted from.

Aurel. You are ever
An enemy of our sex, but you I hope Sir,
Have better thoughts.

Ber. I dare not entertaine
An ill one of your goodnesse.

Rob. To my power
I will enable him to prevent all danger
Envy can raise against your choice. One word more
Touching the articles.

Enter Fulgen. Cam. Syl.

Fulgen. In you alone
Lye all my hopes, you can or kill or save me,
But pitty in you, will become you better,
(Though I confesse in justice 'tis deny'd me)
Then too much rigor.

Cam. I will make your peace
As far as it lyes in me, but must first
Labour to right my selfe.

Aurel. Or adde or alter
What you thinke fit. In him I have my all,
Heave make me thankfull for him.

Rob. On to the Temple.

Cam. Stay royall Sir, and as you stand king
Erect one here, in doing justice to
An injur'd mayde.

Aurel. How's this? *Ber.* O I am blasted!

Rob. I have given some people, sweet Lady, of my prompt
To doe you right, you need not therefore doubt me,
And rest assur'd, that this great worke dispatch'd,
You shall have audience and satisfaction

The Maid of Honour.

To all you can demand.

Cam. To doe mee justice
Exacts your present care, and can admit
Of no delay. If e'r my cause be heard
In favour of your brother, you goe on Sir,
Your scepter cannot right mee. Hee's the man,
The guilty man, whom I accuse, and you
Stand bound in duty, as you are Supream,
To be impartiall. Since you are a Iudge,
As a Delinquent, looke on him, and not
As on a brother; justice painted blinde
Inferres, her Ministers are oblig'd to heare
The cause and truth, the Iudge determine of it,
And not sway'd, or by favour, or affection,
By a false glosse, or wrested comment alter
The true intent, and letter of the law.

Ro. Nor will I Madam,

Aurel. You seeme troubl'd, Sir,

Gonz. His colour changes too.

Cam. The alteration
Growes from his guilt. The goodnesse of my cause
Begets such confidence in mee, that I bring
No hir'd tongue to plead for mee, that with gay
Rhetoricall flourishes may palliate
That, which stripp'd naked, will appeare deform'd.
I stand here, mine owne advocate; and my truth
Deliver'd in the plainest language, will
Make good it selfe, nor will I, if the King
Give suffrage to it, but admit of you,
My greatest enemy, and this stranger Prince,
To sit assistants with him.

Aurel. I ne'r wrong'd you.

Cam. In your knowledge of the injury, I believe it,
Nor will you in your justice, when you are
Acquainted with my interest in this man
Which I lay claime to.

Roberto. Let us take our seats,
What is your title to him?

The Maid of Honour.

Cam. By this contract
Seal'd solemnly before a reveren'd man,
I challenge him for my husband.

Sylli. Ha. was I
Sent for the Frier, for this? O *Sylli*! *Sylli*!
Some cordiall, or I faint.

Rober. This writing is
Authenticall.

Anrel. But done in heat of blood,
(Charm'd by her flatteries, as no doubt he was)
To be dispens'd with.

Ferd. Adde this, if you please,
The distance and disparity betweene
Their births and fortunes.

Cam. What can innocence hope for
When such as sit her iudges, are corrupted?
Disparity of birth, or fortune urge you?
Or *Syren* charmes? or at his best in mee,
Wants to deserve him? Call some few daies backe,
And as he was, consider him, and you
Must grant him my inferiour. Imagine
You saw him now in fetters with his honour,
His liberty lost; with her blacke wings despaire
Circling his miseries, and his *Gonzaga*
Trampling on his afflictions; the great summe
Propos'd for his redemption; the King
Forbidding payment of it; this neere kinsmen,
With his protesting followers, and friends,
Falling off from him; by the whole world forsaken;
Dead to all hope, and buried in the grave
Of his calamities, and then waigh duly
What she deserv'd (whose merits now are doubted)
That as his better Angell in her bounties
Appeard unto him, his great ransome pai'd,
His wants, and with a prodigall hand suppli'd,
Whether then being my manumisd slave,
Hee ow'd not himselfe to mee?

Anrel. Is this true?

Roberto.

The Maid of Honour.

Roberto. In his silence 'tis acknowledg'd

Gonzaga. If you want

A witnesse to this purpose, I'll depose it:

Cam. If I have dwelt too long on my deservings
To this unthankfull man, pray you pardon me,
The cause requir'd it. And though now I adde
A little in my painting to the life
His barbarous ingratitude, to deterre,
Others from imitation; let it meet with
A faire interpretation. This serpent,
Frozen to numnesse, was no sooner warm'd
In the bosome of my pittie, and compassion,
But in returne, he ruin'de his preserver
The prints the yrons had made in his flesh
Still ulcerous; but all that I had done
(My benefits in sand, or water written)
As they had never beene, no more remembred.
And on what ground; but his ambitious hopes
To gaine this Duchesse favour,

Aurelia. Yes, the object,
Looke on it better (Lady) may excuse
The charge of his affection.

Camel. The object
In what? forgiue mee, modesty, if I say
You looke upon your forme in the false glasse
Of flattery, and selfe-love, and that deceives you,
That you were a Duchesse, as I take it, was not
Character'd on your face, and that nor scene,
For other feature, make all these that are
Experienc'd in women, judges of 'em,
And if they are not Parasites, they must grant
For beauty without art, though you storme at it,
I may take the right hand file.

Gonzaga. Well said i' faith;
I see faire women on no termes will yeeld
Priority in beauty.

Camel. Downe proud heart!
Why doe I rise up in defence of that,

The Maid of Honour.

Which, in my cherishing of it hath vndone mee.
No Madam, I recant, you are all beauty,
Goodnesse, and vertue, and poore I not worthy
As a soyle to set you off; enioy your conquest
But doe not tyrannize. Yet as I am
In my lownesse from your height, you may looke on me,
And in your suffrage to me, make him know
That though to all men else I did appeare
The shame and scorne of women, hee stands bound
To hold me as her master-piece.

Roberto. By my life
You have show'n your selfe of such an abject temper,
So poore, and low condition'd, as I grieve for
Your needrenesse to mee.

Ferd. I am chang'd in my
Opinion of you Lady, and professe
The vertues of your minde, an ample fortune
For an absolute Monarch.

Gonzaga. Since you are resolv'd
To damne your selfe, in your forsaking of
Your noble order for a woman, doe it
For this. You may search through the world, and meet not
With such another *Phoenix*.

Aurel. On the sudden
I feele all fires of love quench'd in the water
Of compassion, make your peace; you have
My free consent; for here I doe disclaime
All interest in you: and to further your
Desires, faire Maid, compos'd of worth and honour,
The dispensation procur'd by mee,
Freeling *Bertoldo* from his vow, makes way
To your embraces.

Bertol. Oh, how have I stray'd,
And wilfully, out of the noble tract
Mark'd mee by vertue! 'Till now, I was never
Truely a prisoner; to excuse my late
Captivity, I might allege the malice
Of fortune; you that conquer—

confessing

Courage,

The Maid of Honour.

Courage in my defence was no way wanting
But now I have surrendred up my strengths
Into the power of vice, and on my forehead
Branded with mine owne hand in capitall letters
D. Sloyall, and Ingratefull, though barr'd from
Humble society, and his'd into
Some desert nere yet haunted with the curses
Of men and women, sitting as a judge
Vpon my guilty selfe, I must confesse
It justly falls upon me, and one teare
Shed in compassion of my sufferings more.
Then I can hope for. *Cam.* This compunction
For the wrong that you have done me, though you should
Fix here, and your true sorrow move no further,
Will in respect I lov'd once, make these eyes
Two springs of sorrow for you.

Ber. In your pittie
My cruelty shewes more monstrous, yet I am not,
Though most ingratfull, grown to such a height
Of impudence, as in my wishes onely
To aske your pardon. If as now I fall
Prostrate before your feete, you will vouchsafe
To act your owne revenge, treading upon me
As a viper eating through the bowels of
Your benefits, to whom with libertie
I owe my being, 'twill take from the burthen
That now is insupportable. *Cam.* Pray you rise,
As I wish peace, and quiet to my soule
I do forgive you heartily, yet excuse me:
Though I deny my selfe a blessing that
By the favour of the Dutchesse seconded,
With your submission is offer'd to me
Let not the reason I alleage for't grieve you,
You have been false once. I have done. And if
When I am married (as this day I will be)
As a perfit signe of your attonement with me
You wish me joy, I will receive it for

The Maid of Honour.

Full satisfaction of all obligations
In which you stand bound to me.

Per. I will doe it,
And what's more, in despite of sorrow, live
To see my selfe vndone, beyond all hope
To be made up againe.

Syl. My blood begins
To come to my heart againe.

Cam. Pray you Signior Syl.
Call in the holy Frier. Hee's prepar'd
For finishing the worke.

Syl. I knew I was
The man. Heaven make mee thankfull

Rob. Who is this?

Astn. His Father was the banker of *Palermo*,
And this the heyre of his great wealth, his wisdom
Was not hereditarie.

Syl. Though you know me not,
Your Majesty owes me a round Sum, I have
A seale, or two to witnesse, yet if you please
To weare my colours, and dance at my wedding,
I'll never sue you.

Rob. And I'll grant your suite,

Syl. Gracions *Maldonna*, Noble, Generall,
Brave Captaines and my quondam rivalls wear 'em
Since I am confident you dare not harbour
A thought, but that way currant. *Exit*

Aurel. For my part
I cannot ghesse the issue.

Enter Syl. with

Syl. Do your duty,
And with all speed you can, you may despatch us,

Paulo. Thus as a principal ornament to the Church
I seafe her. *All.* How.

Rob. So young and so religious.

Pau. She has forsooke the world.

Syl. And Syllie too,
I shall run mad.

Syl. shrust off

Rob. Hence with the foole, proceede Sir

Pau.

The Maid of Honour.

PAN. Looke on this maid of honor now
Truely honor'd in her vow
She payes to heaven, vaine delight
By day, or pleasure of the night,
She no more thinkes of this faire haire
(Favours for great kings to weare)
Now now be shorn. Her rich array
Chang'd into a homely gray.
The dainties with which she was fed
And her proud flesh pampered,
Must not be tasted, from the spring,
For wine, cold water we will bring
And with fasting mortifie
The feasts of sensuality.
Her jewells, beads, and she must looke
Not in a glasse, but holy booke;
To teach her the nere erring way
To immortality. O may
She as she purposes to be
A Child new borne to piety,
Persever in in it, and good men
With Saints and Angels say Amen

Cam. This is the marriage / this the port / to which
My vowes must steere me, fill my spreading sayles
With the pure wind of your deuotions for me,
That I may touch the secure haven, where
Eternall happinesse keeps her residence,
Temptations to frailty never entring.
I am dead to the world, and thus dispose
Of what I leave behind me, and dividing
My state into three parts, I thus bequeath it.
The first to the faire Nunnery, to which
I dedicate the last, and better part
Of my fraile life; a second portion
To pious uses; and the third to thee
Adorni, for thy true and faithfull service.
And ere I may take lust farwel with hope
To finde a grant, may suite to you is that
You would for my sake pardon this young man

And

The Maid of Honour

And to his merits love him, and no farther.

Rob. I thus confirme it. *Exit*

Cam. And as ere you hope *to Beroulle*

Like me to be made happy, I conjure you

To reassume your order, and in fighting

Bravely against the enemies of our faith

Redeeme your morgagd honor.

Rob. I restore this *The white crosse.*

Once more brothers in armes.

Ber. I'll live and die fo.

Cam. To you my pious wishes. And to end

All differences, great Sir I beseech you

To be an arbitrator, and compound

The quarrell, long continuing betweene

The Duke and Dutcheffe.

Rob. I'll take it into

My speciall care.

Cam. I am then at rest, now father

Conduct me where you please. *Exit*

Rob. She well deserves

Her name, the Maid of Honor. *May she stand*

To all posterity, a faire example,

For noble Maides to imitate. *Since to live*

In wealth and pleasure is a short and vain

Such payson doth ensue, as shall befall

Vpon this Stage of life so becommen

Though well begun, till it be wisely ended. *Exeunt*

THE END

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Massinger, P.